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FREEDOM.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

BEHIND A MASK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

CARLYON arose betimes the next morning, having passed an almost sleepless night. In his anxiety to account for Ethel Vivian's disappearance, his excited imagination conjured up all kinds of dreadful apprehensions. It was in vain that he endeavored to persuade himself that there was probably no mystery whatever about the matter. The most simple explanation seemed to be that her uncle had placed her under the care of friends; but, if this were so, how could Ethel's silence be accounted for? She would surely have written to Mrs. Manning from her new address? In his heart Carlyon did not believe that the girl he loved had grown indifferent to him because they had been separated. I followed therefore that Ethel must still be under strict surveillance; but the question was, where and with whom? In spite of the detective's report, he was still inclined to believe that the poor girl remained in the clutches of the nurse.

Carlyon decided to insist upon a personal interview with old Mr. Helsford, in order at least to obtain an assurance from his own lips that Ethel, wherever she might be, was still under his personal control.

Anticipating that his demand for an interview would probably be refused, either by the nurse on her own authority, or by Mr. Helsford himself on the ground of his state of health, Carlyon started off early, before the Mannings had made their appearance, to call upon Doctor Armand, who, he thought, would be able to inform him whether, in case of necessity, he would be justified in common humanity in forcing himself into the presence of Ethel's guardian; for he was resolved that nothing short of absolute danger to life should deter him. He reached the Doctor's house before nine o'clock, and caught him just as he was starting upon his round of professional visits.

Doctor Armand, an ascetic-looking young man, with long hair and gold spectacles, replied to his questions nervously, yet with apparent frankness.

"Yes; Mr. Helsford is a patient of mine," he said in answer to Carlyon's inquiry, as he ushered him into his consulting-room. "Is he a friend of yours?"

"I am more particularly interested in his niece," said Carlyon.

"His niece! I did not understand that madame was a relative. I thought she was his nurse—his attendant," said the Doctor.

"I don't mean the nurse," said Carlyon, speaking in indifferent French. "The lady I speak of is much younger—only nineteen, and very pretty.

"Ah, it is some other lady whom I have not had the pleasure of seeing!" said the doctor.

"You go to the house every day, don't you?" inquired Carlyon eagerly.

"Nearly every day, monsieur," answered the Doctor. "I have called the last two or three days, but I shall not go to-day."

"Have you never seen any other lady there besides the nurse?" asked Carlyon.

"Never. There is no other lady that I know of."

"The object of my visit," explained Carlyon, "is to inquire about your patient, Mr. Helsford. I don't of course ask you to disclose professional secrets. I merely wish to ascertain what is the actual state of his health."

"Monsieur has a distressing malady, and it has reached a fatal stage," said the young Doctor gravely.

"It is of the utmost importance that I should have an interview with Mr. Helsford to-day," said Carlyon. "Is his condition such that it would be dangerous for me to see him?"

"Oh, no, certainly not!" answered the Doctor, a little doubtfully however. "At least I have no reason to suppose so."

"Thank you. That is all I wished to know," said Carlyon, taking up his hat. "By-the-way, have you ever met a nephew of Mr. Helsford's at the house?"

"Not at the house. I have seen the gentleman once. In fact, it was he who requested me to attend his uncle. He called here and he paid me my fee in advance," replied the Doctor.

Something in the young Doctor's manner, as he volunteered this information, suggested to Carlyon's mind that the fee in question had been exceptionally liberal. Carlyon had been impressed throughout the interview with the idea that the medical man was, for some reason or other, ill at ease; but, as he replied to his questions perfectly willingly, he attributed this to constitutional nervousness and to his difficulty in grasping the meaning of Anglicized French. Carlyon made no comment upon his last remark, though it surprised him exceedingly. He was turning away after shaking hands and thanking the doctor for his civility, when the latter said—

"I ought perhaps to say that I cannot speak absolutely of my own knowledge concerning the present condition of Mr. Helsford's health."

"But you attend him, don't you?" exclaimed Carlyon, stopping short in the doorway.

"Certainly; but, like most invalids afflicted with his complaint, he is extremely sensitive," answered the Doctor rather confusedly. "He declines to see me personally. His nurse—a most capable person—reports daily to me, and I prescribe accordingly."

"That is very extraordinary, isn't it?" exclaimed Carlyon in amazement.

"It is not strictly regular; but his nephew told me that such was monsieur's wish, which the nurse confirms," said the Doctor, rather avoiding Carlyon's gaze. "Of course, if the nurse seemed incapable, or if I had the smallest reason to suspect anything wrong," added the Doctor, glancing apologetically at Carlyon through his spectacles, "I should insist upon his seeing me."

"I shall certainly insist upon seeing him," said Carlyon emphatically; "and, if there is anything wrong I will immediately communicate with you."

With this he abruptly took his departure, being deeply impressed by the Doctor's simple confession and the remarkable fact that Stephen Helsford had bribed the young man with a heavy fee to attend to his uncle without really seeing the old gentleman. What was the meaning of this arrangement? In the first place how come it that Stephen Helsford had selected his uncle's medical attendant? It was impossible any longer to doubt that Mrs. Manning's theory was correct, and that a conspiracy was on foot to secure the old man's fortune. Horror-stricken as he was, Carlyon derived a certain consolation from this startling discovery. If a vile plot were in progress, it was hardly likely that Ethel would be secreted in the house for the desire of the conspirators would obviously be to get her away, and this probably accounted for her disappearance. She must have been sent off somewhere—placed in a convent perhaps, or else——

A horrible thought suddenly arrested the current of Carlyon's reflections and seemed for an instant to paralyze him. If Ethel had been sent away, she would surely have written. With this danger before their eyes, was it possible that they—or at least the woman—had adopted a more desperate course? Could Ethel's silence mean—death? The thought of these possibilities caused him to resolve not to lose a single instant in clearing up the mystery.

When he arrived at the hotel, he found the Mannings comfortably seated at breakfast, and, after hurriedly detailing the information he had obtained, he announced his intention of starting off at once for the Rue Favart. Little Mrs. Manning consented to accompany him, and rose immediately from the table. The parson also agreed to join them, though with less alacrity, and mainly, as he put it, to see the fun. A quarter of an hour later they reached the Rue Favart in a fly, and alighted at No. 9.

The garden gate was locked, and, in answer to Carlyon's impatient summons, a little girl, a mere child, appeared, looking considerably startled at being confronted by three grown-up persons. Carlyon took the precaution to step inside the garden as soon as the gate was opened, and, upon learning that Mr. Helsford lived in the house, he walked straight towards the villa without waiting to be announced. The parson and his wife followed, the former chuckling with boyish excitement. The little girl brought up the rear, evidently disconcerted by this abrupt invasion by English strangers.

The door of the cottage was open, and Carlyon stepped into the hall. As he did so he came face to face with the nurse, who was in the act of descending the stairs. Though she started slightly at his entrance her manner was so calm and composed that Carlyon felt pretty certain that she had observed his approach from one of the upper windows.

"There is a bell, Mr. Carlyon," she remarked quietly, looking over his shoulder at Mr and Mrs. Manning with evident curiosity.

"This is an unceremonious visit," answered Carlyon. "I wish to see your master on important business."

"My master is asleep," said the nurse doggedly.

"Then you must wake him."

The nurse looked at Carlyon with a searching glance; he, flushed and excited, returned her gaze defiantly.

"You must wake him," he repeated. "I have seen the doctor—Doctor Armand."

"You have seen Doctor Armand?" she questioned, with rising color.

"Yes. After my conversation with him, it is imperative that I should see your patient," said Carlyon firmly.

"You cannot see my patient," exclaimed the nurse, suddenly shifting her position so as to bar the passage to the staircase. "His positive orders are that he will see nobody."

She spoke in a loud and excited tone, and it was evident that Carlyon's allusion to the doctor had disconcerted her; but she maintained her resolute bearing and gazed scornfully at the party.

"This is a pretty state of things!" she said, after a pause. "Two gentlemen and a lady bursting into the house of a sick man and insisting upon tramping up the stairs into his room! What do you want?"

"Where is Miss Vivian?" inquired Carlyon, a trifle abashed by the woman's assurance.

"Mr. Helsford's niece is staying, on a visit with some friends," she answered quietly.

"Where?" asked Carlyon.

"Never mind where," said the nurse. "My master does not wish you to know, and I am sure he would not tell you. That may console you for not seeing him."

"On the contrary, it makes us more determined to see him," interposed little Mrs. Manning quietly.

"Who are you, may I ask?" demanded the nurse, turning upon her sharply.

"I am Mrs. Manning, a friend of Miss Vivian's," answered the parson's wife. "I am not going to stand here all day. If you refuse to allow me to see your master, I shall call again."

"Yes, you had better call again—all of you," said the nurse, with a meaning laugh.

"I should bring a police inspector with me if I did," said Mrs. Manning recklessly.

"A police inspector!" returned the nurse scoffingly, with a toss of her head.

"Yes. Ask Mr. Carlyon there what he knows," said Mrs. Manning.

"What does Mr. Carlyon know? What is the meaning of this threat?" asked the nurse, turning to Carlyon.

But, though she spoke contemptuously, her dark eyes roved quickly from one to another, and seemed to scan their faces rather anxiously. Carlyon was at a loss what to do or say, but the parson came to the rescue in his haphazard fashion.

"Come, come, my good woman, the cat is out of the bag, you know. We have employed a detective and seen the doctor. We don't leave this house without an interview with Mr. Helsford."

"I don't care if you have employed fifty detectives!" said the nurse, though it was sufficiently apparent that she was alarmed. "If the gentlemen are unmanly enough to use force you may pass me. Otherwise, I will not stir an inch; and meanwhile I will send my servant for the police."

"That will suit us just as well," responded the parson affably. "Let us have the police in by all means."

The nurse pretending to suit her action to her words, had moved a step aside, as though to summon the servant. In doing so she withdrew her arm from the wall against which it had rested, and at the same instant Carlyon, seized the opportunity, slipped past her and mounted the stairs. Before the nurse could stop him the parson followed suit, pushing Carlyon forward.

"You are cowards—cowards!" cried the nurse, with a furious gesture, but not attempting further resistance. "Perhaps the lady would like to invade the sick room?" she added fiercely.

"Thank you," answered Mrs. Manning quietly, as she passed her.

They all ascended to the floor above, the nurse following. On reaching the landing overhead Carlyon inquired which was Mr. Helsford's room.

"To your right," answered the nurse,

panting with suppressed anger.

This indeed was evident, for the doors of the two other rooms were open. Carlyon knocked gently at the door indicated, and waited for an answer. None came however, and the nurse broke the silence by hissing—

"He is asleep, poor fellow! Do you want to kill him? Cowards—cowards!"

"He isn't asleep. Hark! I hear some one moving," interposed the parson.

Listening intently, they heard a sound like that of a window being gently opened. Carlyon and his friends started at one another; the nurse smiled grimly.

"There is some mystery here! I will stand no more of this nonsense!" said Carlyon, with determination. "If the door is not opened immediately I shall force it."

"If you do he will shoot you! He always has a loaded revolver by his bedside, and will not hesitate to use it," said the nurse.

But Carlyon's temper was aroused, and the suspicion of something seriously wrong banished all scruples. Simultaneously he and the parson hurled themselves against the door before Mrs. Manning could interpose, and at the second blow the lock gave way with a crash, and the assailants were precipitated into the room. Carlyon just managed to save himself from falling; the parson measured his length upon the floor, with a force which almost shook the house. The parson laughed; Mrs. Manning uttered a scream; and then they all three stared at each other in speechless wonder. The room was empty!

It was an ordinary bedroom—evidently the apartment occupied by the nurse, for her dresses hung against the wall. A number of bottles and phials were ranged upon the shelf, but these were the only traces of sickness. The bed was unoccupied.

"Gone away!" exclaimed the parson blankly, as he scrambled to his feet.

"A trick!" said Carlyon, stepping across to the window and looking out. The window opened upon a garden, which was at no great distance below.

"Where is Mr. Helsford then?" exclaimed Mrs. Manning, from the doorway.

A very brief inspection sufficed to convince them that there was no practicable hiding place, and Carlyon led the way into the other two rooms. Neither of these showed any signs of occupation, but among some odds and ends upon a sofa was a book which Mrs. Manning pounced upon, a copy of Wordsworth's poems.

"This belongs to Ethel!" she exclaimed.

The discovery however was comparatively of little importance. There was no other article belonging to Ethel visible, nor was there any indication of occupancy by old Mr. Helsford.

"There is no room above this floor—not even a cock-loft," said the parson, staring around him.

"Where is the nurse?" inquired Carlyon, remarking for the first time that the woman had disappeared.

"She went down stairs while you were in her room," answered Mrs. Manning.

"We must get to the bottom of this," said Carlyon, recovering from his surprise and beginning to reflect. "If Mr. Helsford and Ethel are not here, where are they?"

He quickly descended the stairs, the others following. In the hall below was an open door, evidently leading into a sitting room. Carlyon was walking straight into this apartment, but on the threshold he stopped abruptly, with an exclamation of amazement. In front of the fireplace, facing the door, stood Stephen Helsford, smoking a cigarette and conversing quite calmly with the nurse, who was seated in a chair near him.

"What on earth is the meaning of all this, Carlyon?" cried Helsford sharply.

CHAPTER XIII.

CARLYON was so utterly taken aback at meeting Stephen Helsford thus unexpectedly that he made no attempt to reply to his question. Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. Manning entered the room, and each in turn uttered an ejaculation of surprise. Helsford seemed rather amused at the situation, and gave a low cynical laugh as he calmly surveyed the intruders. The nurse, who had entirely recovered her composure, sat silent and immovable, her eyes fixed coldly upon Carlyon, who was the foremost of the group.

"What is the meaning of this?" repeated Helsford, speaking now quite amiably.

"Mr. Stephen Helsford!" exclaimed little Mrs. Manning.

"Pardon me," said Helsford, removing his hat politely and bowing to the Vicar's wife. "Really at the moment I did not recognize you, Mrs. Manning—nor your husband either," he added, glancing with a smile at the parson's unclerical attire. "I had no idea you were in this part of the world. You must excuse my abruptness."

"What are you doing here?" inquired Mrs. Manning, glancing meaningly at the nurse.

"You force me to disclose a secret, Mrs. Manning," said Helsford, without a sign of embarrassment. "Allow me to introduce you to my wife."

The nurse, to whom he referred, bowed her head slightly, and Helsford blew a thin cloud of smoke from his cigarette.

"Your wife!" exclaimed Carlyon involuntarily. "Since when?"

"I am prepared to prove my marriage if necessary," returned Helsford, looking straight at him. "Meanwhile, having mentioned the fact, allow me to repeat my question. What brings you here?"

"You were in that room up-stairs," said the parson abruptly.

"I was," said Helsford, smiling.

"You must have leaped from the window?"

"I did, and most fortunately alighted upon my feet instead of upon my head," answered Helsford.

"Why did you endeavor to avoid us?" inquired Carlyon suspiciously.

"My being here does not look as if I desired to avoid you," said Helsford contemptuously. "I am not afraid of you or of any man."

"Still you leaped from from the upper window," persisted the parson.

"Certainly! No doubt explanations are necessary on both sides," returned Helsford coolly; "but as this is my house, and you have forced your way into it and insulted my wife, I think it is for you to begin."

"It is your uncle's house! Where is he? Where is your cousin?" exclaimed Carlyon breathlessly.

"It is not my uncle's house. My uncle and cousin are at Verdun," replied Helsford, lighting a fresh cigarette.

"At Verdun!" repeated Carlyon. "When did they go there? When did your uncle leave here?"

"My uncle never came here. What was the exact date when my uncle and cousin went to Verdun?" he added, turning to his wife.

"On the seventeenth of last month," answered the nurse, without moving.

"The day you left Pont des Pults?" said Carlyon, looking at her.

"Precisely," said Helsford. "But you are reversing the programme. I am answering your questions, and you have not yet answered mine. What do you want here?"

"I came to see your uncle and cousin," replied Carlyon, feeling rather bewildered by the unexpected turn of events.

"Am I right in supposing that it was chiefly to see my cousin that you came?" said Helsford, with a sneer.

"Yes, chiefly," returned Carlyon bluntly.

"And your friend and champion, Mrs. Manning, and her good husband there accompanied you for the purpose of assisting your courtship?" continued Helsford. "All right, my dear fellow, I will spare your blushes. I can see that you came on a lover's errand."

It seemed to Carlyon that Helsford was relieved at this explanation. He laughed quietly at Carlyon's embarrassment, flicked the ash from the end of his cigarette with his little finger, and resumed his remarks in a tone of light banter.

"Do not scowl upon me, my dear Carlyon. Being happily married, I assure you that I regard your courtship with equanimity. I will give you my uncle's address, and if I could assist you either with him or with the young lady I should be only too delighted. I regret that while my wife was in my uncle's service it was her unpleasant duty to assist in thwarting your desires; though I understand," he added, turning to the nurse, "that my cousin readily acquiesced in my uncle's wishes when it was made clear to her that she was to give up the idea of marrying Carlyon?"

"My orders were," answered the nurse, "to prevent Miss Vivian from writing to Mrs. Manning or to Mr. Carlyon, and, if necessary, to intercept letters. It was an unpleasant duty, and I preferred to put Miss Vivian upon her honor that she would not oblige me to enforce it. To the best of my belief," she concluded, glancing with a malevolent smile at Carlyon, "the young lady kept her promise."

"I don't believe Miss Vivian gave any such promise!" exclaimed Mrs. Manning indignantly, while Carlyon flushed crimson.

"I can't help it if you don't, Mrs. Manning. That matter is no concern of mine. I merely wished to place my wife's involuntary share in the business in its proper light, so that you might not think too harshly of her. However, that is of no consequence. Let us change the subject," said Helsford, with a wave of the hand.

"Do you mean us to understand," said Carlyon, "that your wife left your uncle's service on the seventeenth of last month?"

"Yes. Now for my story," said Helsford. "I am telling it, not for your edification, but in justice to myself, and especially to my wife. I admit, if it is any satisfaction to you, that your sudden appearance here has cause us considerable embarrassment. It is most essential that my marriage should be kept secret; for if my uncle were to hear of it he would probably destroy the will which he has recently made in my favor."

"What!" exclaimed Carlyon incredulously.

"Astonishing, is it not, my dear Carlyon? But since that little episode which you know of connected with my club debts I have always believed that my uncle, in spite of his loudly-expressed antipathy, was not insensible to justice and fairness. I now know that, feeling his end approaching, he made, while at Pont des Pults, a fresh will, by which I benefit equally with my cousin."

"Mr. Bold has your uncle's will?" was all that Carlyon could say in his astonishment.

"Mr. Bold prepared the fresh will and sent a clerk over to Pont des Pults to see that it was properly signed and attested. I believe Mr. Bold's representative took it away with him?" added Helsford, addressing the nurse.

"Yes; he took it away with him," the latter responded in a low tone.

"So you see," said Helsford, turning to Carlyon, "that Mr. Bold still has my uncle's will, but a fresh one."

While Helsford spoke, Carlyon's mind was filled with vague doubts to which he did not venture to give expression. After all, old Mr. Helsford might have made a fresh will, as alleged. The fact of his having consulted Mr. Bold on the subject was a guarantee that everything was in order. After the specimen of the old man's eccentric generosity to which Stephen Helsford had referred, it was quite possible that the invalid might be unwilling to carry his malignity beyond the grave.

"When I learnt this," continued Helsford, after pausing a moment, as though he expected Carlyon to speak, "I at once perceived the necessity for removing my wife from my uncle's side."

"Were you married then?" interposed Carlyon.

"Certainly. You know what people would have said," Helsford went on, rather hurriedly. "There would have been charges made—undue influence, and that sort of thing. In fact, it would have been hazardous for my wife to remain in charge of my uncle until his death. As a lawyer, Carlyon, you must see what I mean."

"Yes, I see what you mean," acquiesced Carlyon.

"Therefore, at my suggestion, my wife persuaded my uncle to place himself under the charge of Doctor Giraud, at Verdun, a well-known specialist of high reputation."

"Then that is where your uncle and cousin are at present?" said Carlyon, with inward relief and satisfaction.

"Yes; I will give you the address," said Helsford, producing his pocket-book.

"What, then, is the meaning of pretending that Mr. Helsford was here, and of calling in a doctor to visit an imaginary patient?" asked Carlyon suspiciously.

"Simply that my wife has to account for her movements to the lady superior of the institute of which she is a member. I wished to keep our marriage secret until after my uncle's death, and I did not choose that my wife should continue to act as a sick-nurse to strangers. My wife is still supposed to be fulfilling the engagement on which she left the Home; it is as well that the neighbors should remain under the delusion. It ensures privacy, accounts for her presence here, and affords me the felicity of occasionally enjoying her society. In a word, the plan has many advantages in our peculiar circumstance, and of course," added Helsford, looking round with a smile, "we never expected that anybody who knew us would light upon us here. If you had asked me, Carlyon, I would have given you my uncle's address at any time."

Helsford's manner was so plausible and convincing that, at the moment, Carlyon felt almost ashamed of his suspicions. Though disposed to be incredulous concerning some of the details of Helsford's explanation, he had ascertained with his own eyes that he spoke the truth in saying that neither his uncle nor his cousin was in the house. For the rest, Helsford's plans and proceedings, except as they might affect Ethel, did not interest Carlyon in any way.

"What made you jump out of the window?" inquired the parson, who was essentially a man of one idea.

"I did not know who you were, and I did not wish to be taken at a disadvantage," laughed Helsford, as though he regarded the incident as a joke. "I heard my wife parleying with some persons below, and supposed they were inquisitive neighbors. When I learnt from her who you were, I told her that she had acted foolishly in attempting to mislead you."

"Well, Mr. Helsford," interposed Mrs. Manning, "I am not disposed to take every word of your story for gospel truth, and that I tell you frankly; but all that concerns us is to assure ourselves of Ethel's safety and welfare."

"As a preliminary step," returned Helsford lightly, though the flush which came to his cheeks showed that he resented Mrs. Manning's remark, "perhaps you would like to satisfy yourself beyond a doubt that my cousin is not concealed upon the premises. You have explored the up-stairs rooms. Besides the salon in which we are sitting, there are the dining room opposite, the kitchen at the end of the passage, and a small conservatory. The whole house is open to your inspection."

Though Helsford spoke ironically, the Vicar's wife took him at his word, and quietly left the room. Helsford, with an amused smile shrugged his shoulders and exchanged glances with his wife; he then addressed some casual observations to Carlyon, mentioning incidentally that he had only that morning arrived from England. While he was still speaking Mrs. Manning returned.

"You ladies are terribly suspicious," he said, laughing, as she entered. "I am sure you have always done me the honor, Mrs. Manning, to distrust me thoroughly, and to dislike me also. You have not discovered Ethel in the coal cellar, I hope."

"This book is Ethel's," Mrs. Manning observed rather snappishly, holding out the volume of Wordsworth's poems which she carried. "I found it up stairs."

"Does it belong to my cousin?" inquired Helsford of his wife.

"Yes," replied the nurse, glancing at the book; "Miss Vivian lent it to me. I intended to return it."

"Perhaps, Mrs. Manning, you will kindly take charge of it, as I presume you will be seeing Ethel," said Helsford.

"Yes, certainly," replied Mrs. Manning.

"And now," continued Helsford, "having explored the premises, and forced me to disclose my private affairs, I suppose our pleasant chat is at an end, and that you will leave me in peaceable possession of my own house?"

"We certainly will not detain you any longer," answered Carlyon; "but you have not given us your cousin's address."

"True," rejoined Helsford, producing his pocket-book, and extracting a card. "Here it is—Doctor Henri Giraud, Chevalier de la legion d'honneur, et cætera, Chateau Bellevue, Verdun."

"Where is Verdun?" inquired Carlyon.

"Half an hour's journey from Pont des Pults," answered Helsford.

"How are we to know that this address is correct?" said Mrs. Manning.

"By going there and ascertaining. I suppose," answered Helsford impatiently; and then he added, with a visible effort at self-control, "I think however that I can satisfy you upon that point. I am particularly interested now, as you may imagine, in my uncle's state of health, and I arranged privately with Doctor Giraud to keep me informed. Here is his latest bulletin."

He produced a letter from his pocket as he spoke, and threw it upon the table, after first glancing at it. The document was written in French, and the envelope was directed to Helsford's chambers in London; it was dated only a few days previously, and, translated, ran as follows—

"Chateau Bellevue, Verdun.

"Dear Sir—The patient is worse. Arrangements are necessary. The young lady is well. "Accept, etc.,

"GIRAUD."

"What does he mean by saying arrangements are necessary?" inquired Carlyon.

"Funeral arrangements, I am afraid," answered Helsford. "That is what brought me over. However, if you are going to see Ethel, you will save me a journey. Will you let me know on your return how my uncle is?"

Carlyon promised, and, though dis-

gusted at Helsford's heartlessness and deceit, and by no means convinced of his veracity, he did not refuse to take the hand extended to him as the party rose to leave. He was so unspeakably relieved to find that his dreadful misgivings regarding Ethel's safety were groundless that he was inclined to be almost friendly with his former rival. Little Mrs. Manning however manifested a much less amiable frame of mind. Pointedly ignoring Helsford's farewell salute, she walked straight out of the house with her head erect, her husband slinking after her, very red in the face and ill at ease. Helsford sauntered after them down the garden-walk with his hands in his pockets, and, with a perfectly unruffled demeanor, saw them off the premises. The nurse never stirred from her chair nor displayed the least emotion.

"How could you shake hands with him, Eustace?" said Mrs. Manning quite sharply, as they drove off in the fly.

"Well, he is not so bad as I thought," replied Carlyon; "besides, Ethel is safe."

"I don't believe ten words of that story we have just heard!" burst forth Mrs. Manning indignantly. "He has been telling us a tissue of untruths—I am convinced of it! There is some mystery which he is endeavoring to conceal."

"But we have Ethel's address," cried Carlyon, radiant with anticipation of happiness.

"O, course we have!" said the parson's wife, smiling at his elation, which caused her ill humor to vanish. "You are quite right; we need not trouble ourselves with the plots and intrigues of Stephen Helsford and that dreadful woman; it is much more important to ascertain the time of departure of the next train for Verdun."

"There is one in an hour," said Carlyon, already busy with a local railway guide.

"To-morrow will do, surely," suggested Mrs. Manning shyly.

"To-morrow!" exclaimed Carlyon, looking up quickly; but he saw at a glance that his friend was only jesting, and she willingly agreed to accompany him by the next train, her husband preferring to remain behind to enjoy the beauties of Rouen.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN Carlyon and Mrs. Manning had proceeded some distance on their journey to Verdun, the latter produced the volume of Wordsworth that she had found at Helsford's cottage, and, with a smile, handed it to her companion.

Carlyon occupied himself for the next half-hour in dreamily turning over the pages. After a while he came to two leaves which adhered together, and, with some little trouble and patience, separated them. Mrs. Manning, who sat watching him with a smile of sympathetic amusement, was startled by his uttering a sudden exclamation as he stared eagerly at the book before him.

"Look here, Mrs. Manning!" he cried. "Is not this Ethel's writing?"

He showed her some words faintly pencilled on the blank page at the back of an illustration. The writing was blurred and indistinct. With considerable difficulty Carlyon and Mrs. Manning deciphered it, and found that it was a letter addressed to Mrs. Manning in these appealing terms:

"Pont des Puits.

"My darling Mrs. Manning—They have deprived me of pens, ink and paper. I am not allowed to write, and am watched day and night. I see nobody but the nurse who frightens me more than ever. What does it all mean, and why am I treated like this? I am ill and worried. Come to me, dear Mrs. Manning. Help me to get away. I shall tell the nurse this book is yours, and will try to persuade her to send it to you, hoping you will find those lines

"Your loving ETHEL."

"What does it mean?" exclaimed Carlyon, in horror-stricken accents.

"Poor Ethel!" murmured Mrs. Manning, scarcely less agitated.

"Anyhow, she is safe now," said Carlyon, after a painful pause.

"I hope so," replied Mrs. Manning, rather avoiding the questioning glance of her companion.

"She says she was ill, and she has never written, though she has left Pont des Puits," cried Carlyon anxiously. "This letter accounts for her silence up to that time; but why has she not written since?"

"She may be ill, poor child; but at all events she is with her uncle, and we know that he has forbidden her to write," returned the Vicar's wife, evidently endeavoring to conceal her uneasiness.

"Mrs. Manning, I have a horrible suspicion!" exclaimed Carlyon, turning suddenly pale.

"It is nonsense," said Mrs. Manning sharply, evidently divining his thoughts, as though the same suspicion had crossed her mind.

"You really think that Ethel is—is——"

"She is certainly alive, and I hope well," interrupted Mrs. Manning.

"How do we know that we are not going on a fool's errand?" cried Carlyon excitedly. "Mrs. Manning, if anything happened to Ethel, Stephen Helsford would be heir to his uncle's property."

"But you saw Doctor Giraud's letter, and we have ascertained that he is well known," argued Mrs. Manning.

"True," said Carlyon, in a tone of relief. "The letter was genuine?" continued Mrs. Manning, as though combating her own secret apprehensions.

"Undoubtedly," replied Carlyon—"at least, as far as I can judge. Do you think——"

"No; I am sure we shall find Ethel and her uncle at Doctor Giraud's," interrupted the Vicar's wife, with decision. "Calm yourself, my dear Eustace. I believe I realize what has happened."

"What?" demanded Carlyon anxiously.

"I think the will which Stephen Helsford spoke of was procured by fraud," said Mrs. Manning. "In order to do this, it was necessary to keep Ethel a prisoner, to prevent her from seeing what was going forward, also to conceal from her the helpless condition of her uncle. Having accomplished her object, the nurse, possibly for the reason which Stephen Helsford gave, deemed it advisable to cease from her attendance upon him, and therefore placed her late master under the care of Doctor Giraud. I dare say we shall find that at that time old Mr. Helsford was not in a condition, mental or physical, to make a fresh will, and therefore there was no danger in leaving his niece in sole charge."

"It may be as you say," said Carlyon thoughtfully. "But, if the old man has been for a month past in the condition you describe, he could not have interfered with Ethel's writing to you. Why has she not done so?"

"Ethel is a high-minded girl, the soul of honor—almost as punctilious as yourself, Eustace," said Mrs. Manning, smiling. "As an instance, we know that her conscience almost persuaded her to marry her cousin, in consequence of some thoughtless words uttered by her mother. Is it not conceivable that the poor child, finding her uncle in the last stage of his dreadful illness, may have considered herself more than ever bound to respect his wishes?"

"What was the meaning of Stephen Helsford's pretending that his uncle was at Rouen?" inquired Carlyon rather shortly, not quite accepting the theory by which Mrs. Manning accounted for Ethel's silence. "Do you believe his story?"

"No, I don't—not a single word of it. However," said the Vicar's wife, "it does not matter whether it was true or not. We have already arrived at the conclusion that Stephen Helsford's proceedings do not concern us."

They reached Verdun before the hopes aroused in Carlyon's breast by Mrs. Manning's arguments had been banished by fresh misgiving. At the station they hired a fly and directed the driver to take them to Doctor Giraud's establishment. The alacrity with which the man started off, without waiting for further directions than the mention of the doctor's name, seemed to Carlyon a favorable omen.

"The Doctor is evidently well known," he remarked to his companion excitedly. "How we shall laugh at our fears if we find Ethel well!"

When they arrived at Doctor Giraud's residence—a pretentious mansion situated in a blooming garden—Carlyon sprang from the vehicle and mounted the steps.

"Is the Doctor within?" he inquired anxiously of the man servant who opened the door.

"Certainly. Will madame and monsieur give themselves the trouble to enter?"

They were ushered into a handsome well-furnished room, surrounded by bookshelves, evidently the doctor's library and study. Carlyon handed his card to the footman, and the next moment the Doctor entered. He was a short stout man, with a round red face, a bullet head covered with closely-cropped bristly gray hair, and a pair of small dark eyes, which were almost hidden by shabby eyebrows. He wore ample nankeen trousers and a long loose alpaca coat, and held in his hand a large Panama straw hat.

"I am Doctor Giraud," he said, bowing to Mrs. Manning.

"You have some friends of ours in your establishment, I believe," said Carlyon eagerly—"Mr. Helsford, an Englishman, and his niece, Miss Vivian."

The Doctor paused suddenly in the midst of his elaborate salutations, and glanced at his visitors with an air of suspicion.

"May I inquire," he began.

"Mr. Stephen Helsford, your patient's nephew, gave me your address," said Carlyon quickly.

"Oh, yes! Good!" said the Doctor—not very cordially however. "Had Mr. Stephen Helsford received my telegram when you saw him?" he inquired abruptly.

"No; he showed me a letter from you, dated a few days back, stating that Mr. Helsford was worse, but that the young lady was well," said Carlyon.

"You have not heard the news then?" exclaimed the Doctor, with sudden excitement.

"The news! What news? Is Mr. Helsford dead?" demanded Carlyon anxiously.

"Mr. Helsford—no. He is ill, but he is not dead," answered the Doctor. "It is the young lady."

"What of her?" cried Carlyon breathlessly.

"She is gone!" exclaimed the Doctor, extending both his hands and shrugging his shoulders.

"Gone!" repeated Carlyon, while Mrs. Manning uttered an exclamation.

"Gone away—two days ago," said the Doctor, with another portentous shrug.

"But where? With whom?" cried Carlyon.

"Where, I do not know. With whom I do not know either. I know nothing, except that the young lady fled from this house on Tuesday evening," explained Doctor Giraud, with a fresh series of shrugs.

"Why did she flee?" inquired Mrs. Manning abruptly.

"Why, indeed! I use the word 'flee;' but Madame understands it is an expression. My house is not a prison; the doors and the windows are open. The young lady simply walked out of the door," said the Doctor rather eagerly.

"At what time on Tuesday did she leave?" inquired Carlyon.

"In the evening, between eight and nine o'clock," answered the Doctor.

"Alone?"

"Certainly. What is more, without luggage, without money!"

"How do you know she was without money?" inquired Mrs. Manning.

"That is our belief, madame. I will, with your permission, ring for my wife," added the Doctor, crossing the room suddenly, and pulling the bell wire.

"And you say that you cannot imagine why the young lady left?" asked Carlyon.

"Impossible to imagine, monsieur! Miss Vivian's conduct is inexcusable. My wife has been like a mother to her. Such behavior is extraordinary—I might say, heartless and ungrateful," protested the Doctor, with a great show of indignation.

"Does her uncle—old Mr. Helsford, know?" inquired Mrs. Manning.

"Mr. Helsford? No. The poor gentleman is quite unconscious—wandering in his mind," said the Doctor.

"And his niece left him!" exclaimed Mrs. Manning incredulously.

"If madame doubts me, my wife will be here immediately, and will corroborate what I say," returned the Doctor gravely.

"Have you heard any news of the young lady? Did you take any steps to discover where she has gone?" inquired Carlyon.

"As to that, monsieur," replied the Doctor, "if the young lady chose to leave my house, she was at liberty to do so. All I could do was to telegraph to her relative, Mr. Stephen Helsford, in London."

"When did you telegraph?"

"Yesterday morning, having by that time ascertained that the young lady had undoubtedly left the town," said the Doctor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BULLET WAVES.—One of the interesting results of the recent experiments in England in photographing flying bullets has been to show that the disturbance in the air travels faster than the bullet itself. The photographs exhibit air waves in advance of the bullets, even when the latter are moving faster than the velocity of sound. In one case, where the bullet was moving considerably faster than sound travels in the air, it was preceded by an atmospheric disturbance which, at the moment the photograph was taken, was half an inch in advance of the point of the bullet. Even when the bullets were travelling four times as fast as sound the atmospheric disturbance kept ahead of them.

Does a driving business the cabman.

Bric-a-Brac.

CREMATING.—According to the transactions of the Cremation Society, the disposal of the dead by burning is making a slow but steady progress in England. In 1885 only three bodies were cremated at Working. Last year the number was 125.

BOILING MUD.—A lake of boiling mud two miles in circumference exists in the island of Java near Solo. Masses of soft hot mud continually rise and fall, and huge mud bubbles explode like balloons, with reports like guns, at the rate of three a minute.

LANGUAGE ODDITIES.—It is correct to say a "covey of partridges," but beyond that it is difficult not to err. A "congregation of plover," a "murmuration of starlings," a "a wisp of snipe" and a "nid of pheasants" are all equally sound English descriptions, but few men use them.

GIRAFFE.—The great majority of the giraffes killed at the present day in Southern Africa are shot solely for the sake of their skins, which are now, owing to the practical extermination of rhinoceroses south of Zambesi and the ever-increasing scarcity of the hippopotamus, used in the manufacture of the formidable South-African whips known as jamboks.

SIX HUNDRED FEET OF SEAWEED.—The longest tropical plants in the world are seaweed. One tropical and sub-tropical variety is known which, when it reaches its full development, is at least 600 feet in length. Seaweeds do not receive any nourishment from the sediment at the bottom or borders of the sea, but only from air and mineral matters held in solution in the sea water.

INDIAN SOLDIERS.—Another Indian company of the army has been disbanded, Troop L, Eighth Cavalry. Only two companies now remain, I of the Twelfth Infantry and L of the Twelfth Cavalry. The Indian does not seem to fill the bill as a soldier. When the experiment was begun eight troops of cavalry and nineteen companies of infantry were ordered recruited, with at one time 780 Indians in the ranks.

HOW MANY?—Someone has been calculating the number of stitches that go to the making of a coat and waistcoat. The result is appalling. No fewer than 43 060 separate and distinct stitches are required, as thus: Machine stitches for the coat 11,291 and 7 627 for the vest; hand stitches on the coat 11 156 and on the vest 3 033; bastings on the coat 3 792, and on the vest 1 469; boing in all 37 542 stitches on the coat, and 11 527 on the other article.

THE THORN PEASE.—The espinosilla, or thorn plant, so called because touching it gives the impression of touching a bough of thorns, grows everywhere in Mexico, and is used by the Mexican Indians as a substitute for soap, and is considered in some respects quite as useful as the real article. A branch of a root of it crushed together in the hands and used as a scrubbrush is said to make a lather equal to the best soap, and will cleanse clothing, domestic utensils, or can be used with satisfactory results for washing floors.

A TAME WOOD PIGEON.—Wood-pigeons have been tamed before now, but few have been so successfully domesticated as one at Bridgwater, Eng., which was reared from the nest, has never been caged, nor had its wings clipped. Its favorite resting place is a chestnut tree, from which it will always come down at its mistress's call. It follows her about, flying races with her Jack-daw, which has taken much interest in it, teaching it doubtless a thing or two. Though perfectly free and sometimes flying with a wild one, it never showed any desire to leave its home. It likes being made a fuss of, and while being caressed and petted keeps up a low piping sound of content and satisfaction.

WHERE IT RAINS IT POURS.—The Hadramut Valley, in South Arabia, though well known in ancient times, is hardly ever visited nowadays, as the natives are a lawless set, and very unfriendly towards strangers. They have a curious method of cultivating the land. The upper surface of much of the soil is sand, which is scraped off by long wooden boxes fastened to camels. Of the sand thus collected dykes are made around the district that is to be cultivated. Next the soil is lightly ploughed, and then the farmer awaits for rain. Sometimes rain falls only once in three years, but when it comes it pours in torrents, and the water is held up by the dykes. The crop then is so abundant that even if the rain fell only every third year, enough grain is grown to last the people during the interval of drought.

REMOVALS.

BY S. E.

Yes, there's a mystic tie
Binding to what is nigh;
Rarely without a sigh
Can we depart
From any scene we know,
Though it no joy bestow—
Stamped on the mind, although
Not on the heart!

Life is a weary thing
When it such woe doth bring,
Seeming each hope to fling
To the wild waves;
Oh, for that world above
Where all shall cease to love,
Dwelling in light and love
With Him who saves!

LOVED AND LOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—(CONTINUED).

HER hand stole out towards him and touched his arm as softly as a snow-flake. What a world of sympathy a woman's look, whispered word, touch can convey. Bernard turned and looked at her, and his hand met hers. The words that would have made him hers would have been spoken in another moment, but Fate mocked her yet once again. Half a dozen couples came into the room before he could speak, and their hands parted. In an instant they were the centre of a talking, panting crowd, and seemed to be separated by a wide gulf.

And as they fell apart, so to speak, Bernard, with a pang of self reproach, remembered his promise to his father. He got up as Lord Steyle approached for his waltz, and sauntered back to the ball room; and presently he saw a waving fan beckoning him. It was Lady Winshire's, and he made his way to the corner where she sat. She greeted him with a smile, and drew her ample skirts from a chair which they had almost concealed.

"A seat is worth more than a penny to-night, Mr. Yorke," she said, "but you shall have this for nothing, as you are a good boy."

"I doubt the good boy, Lady Winshire," he said with a laugh, as he seated himself.

The old lady looked at him. He was a great favorite of hers—of what woman was he not a favorite?—and as she looked at him she did not wonder at Felicia Damerel's infatuation.

"So your father has gone back?" she said. "I wonder what mischief you and he have been doing! What a marvellous man he is! Have you seen Felicia to-night?"

"Yes," he said; "I have just danced with her, and been sitting out as well. How beautiful she looks to-night, Lady Winshire?" As he spoke he sighed, and it was scarcely to be expected that Lady Winshire should have guessed that the sigh was called up by a thought of Nance Grey, or that he had been comparing her and Felicia as he spoke.

Lady Winshire smiled, and looked at her fan.

"Yes, she is very pretty, and she is a very nice girl. Don't smile, as if you thought I always call all my girls nice. So they are; but Felicia Damerel is much nicer than the world thinks. Most people misjudge her."

"Misjudge her?" said Bernard.

"Yes," responded Lady Winshire, nodding and waving her fan to and fro slowly; "they think that she is—well, rather cold. It is a great mistake. I have reason to know that she is much warmer-hearted than most girls; but she is proud, and does not wear her heart upon her sleeve."

Bernard listened in silence. He was man of the world enough to know that Lady Winshire was not in the habit of singing the praises of her proteges unless there was need for it, and a purpose in so doing.

"I, myself," she went on, after a pause, "was inclined to misjudge her, and to think her rather lacking in heart but I know her better now. And as to her pride—well, what is it the poet says? 'Pride is the only heritage of the poor.' Of course, she is poor, and she does not forget it; but, well—I am an old woman——"

"It is rude to contradict a lady, but——"

Lady Winshire laughed.

"Oh, yes, I am; at any rate, I sha'n't last for ever, and—well, I haven't a chick or child."

Bernard's face flushed. Lady Winshire had made a mistake for once. Bernard Yorke was the last man to be bribed into matrimony or anything else.

"I am sure Miss Damerel deserves all the affection you bestow on her, Lady Winshire," he said gravely.

Lady Winshire looked at him sharply.

"Some other persons are proud, too, I see," she said, with a smile. "There, there, my dear boy," and she patted his arm with her fan; "surely I can talk freely to your father's son. Why, Bernard Yorke, though you are so big and strong, and think yourself so old, I have held you in my arms when you were a child." She laughed.

Bernard took her hand with his usual impulsiveness. "Forgive me, Lady Winshire," he said, almost boyishly, "I—I'm out of sorts to-night, and—and——. But you don't think that the fact of Miss Damerel's being poor or rich would—would—"

"Weigh with you?" she finished for him. "No, no," and she laughed; "you are a true Yorke, and have all the Yorke's contempt for money; but—well, you see, I am an old woman of the world and more practical. There, there, go and dance; and if you see Felicia tell her that I can't stand this black-hole-in-Calcutta atmosphere much longer."

Bernard did not go and dance, but went into the smoking room, and got a cigarette, then he hunted up Felicia.

"Lady Winshire wants to go home," he said.

She took his arm instantly. "So do I," she said. "I thought you had fled the scene long ago."

"No," he said, looking down at her up-turned face with the smile, the glance that was reserved for him, and him alone; and, short as the response was, she felt satisfied and her heart beat hopefully. It beat still faster as Lady Winshire said—

"Thank you, Bernard. Will you come and have a cup of tea with me to morrow? No, don't make a formal promise. Come if you can."

"Very well," he said, laughing,

But as he went home he resolved that he would write to his father and tell him that he intended asking Felicia Damerel to be his wife, and that he would go around to Lady Winshire's to-morrow and do so.

He sat down, and drew pen and ink towards him, and began the letter; but somehow the sentences would not shape themselves. Nance's face got between him and the paper. The violet eyes seemed to look at him with tender reproach and sad appeal.

He tore up several sheets, and at last flung the pen from him, and fell to pacing the room feverishly.

* * * * * *

That night, before he fell asleep, he resolved that he would not see Nance again. The resolution was still within him when he woke; but after breakfast an aching desire to see her, to hear her voice once more took possession of him. She might be in trouble. Was it fair to leave her in the hands of that worthless scamp, her father? Perhaps the money he had given him had not been sufficient—perhaps more might be needed. Besides, why should he treat her with less courtesy than he would extend to one of the ladies of his acquaintance? In short, after awhile the desire grew too strong for him, the temptation too irresistible.

Tossing his unopened letters aside, he got his hat and walked, like a man led by a spell, towards Eden row.

It was a lovely morning, and he thought as he looked at the trees and the sunlit grass, and listened to the chirping of the merry London sparrows, how delightful it would be if he and Nance were just setting out for a country walk or drive. She had been so happy yesterday—notwithstanding the encounter with Lord Steyle—so happy; with the frank gentle happiness of a child. And he had helped to make her so. And he could never do so again. What should he say to her to day, this last time of their meeting? How was he to say "good-bye" without letting her see how his heart ached with love for her? Yes, he loved her. He knew it now; and the knowledge thrilled through every fibre of his being.

At the gate he paused, for a man was leaning against the door, smoking a short clay pipe. Bernard thought at first that it was Mr. Grey; but it was not that gentleman, though the man was quite as seedy and disreputable looking.

He looked hard at Bernard as he made way for him to reach the knocker, then went on smoking imperturbably.

Bernard knocked twice without receiving any answer, and the man took the pipe from his mouth and asked—

"Who might you w nt, sir?"

"Miss Grey," said Bernard.

"That's all right. The young lady's in there; you'd better go in."

After some hesitation and another knock Bernard went in, and, knocking at the parlor door, also without result, entered the room.

Nance was not there. He looked round with a feeling of familiarity, as if he had been acquainted with the tiny, neat room, with the lace worktable, for years. The very scent of the flowers seemed to appeal to him. The breakfast things were still on the table, but he noticed that the meal had not been touched. On a side table stood, neatly arranged, the books he had lent her. One was open, and he touched it, half unconsciously, where her hand must have touched it.

The house was quiet, and as he stood looking round, he was concluding that the seedy-looking man with the pipe must have been mistaken, and that Nance must be out, when the door opened, and she entered

At sight of him she started, and a faint cry escaped her as her hand went to her heart. The clear ivory of her face was absolutely colorless; there were heavy shadows under the lovely eyes, which were wet with tears, and her lips trembled.

"Nance—Miss Grey!" he said, gazing at her with consternation, "what is the matter?" And he strode forward and took her hand, holding it tightly. He could feel her tremble violently as she drew her hand away and struggled for composure.

"I—I do not know, quite," she said in a low voice, which she strove hard to keep steady. "Why—why have you come?"

The question seemed to escape her half unconsciously.

"I—I came to ask how you were—to ask——. Where is Mr. Grey?" he broke off.

She sank into a chair and looked straight before her.

"I—I do not know," she replied in a hushed whisper.

"Do not know?" said Bernard. "I saw him last night."

"Yes," she said, with a heavy sigh, her face averted. "I—I know. He came home last night, but he is not here this morning. He did not sleep in his room last night. He must have gone out again. I—I do not understand. He has never done such a thing before—never; even when——"

She could not finish the sentence, "when he was most intoxicated."

"Oh, if I only knew where he was!"

"Don't be alarmed," said Bernard, bending over her, and longing to take her to his heart and console her. "He may have gone away suddenly on business—unexpected business."

She shook her head slightly.

"No; there's no business that—that would take him away. I don't understand! I am frightened——"

As she spoke he saw that she held a piece of paper crumpled up in her hand.

"Has he left no message, no explanation?" he asked.

She was silent a moment, then she held out the note.

"Yes. This. I—I found it on his dressing-table. Oh! what does it mean?" And she hid her face in her hands.

Bernard took the piece of paper, straightened it out, and read it.

This was the precious composition:—

DEAR NANCE,

"For reasons which I need not go into—women never do understand business matters—I have determined to try my luck in a foreign land. There's no chance for a man's talents in this cursed, played-out country. Don't take the trouble to hunt after me, because it would be quite useless. In fact, I daresay you will be rather glad to get rid of me than otherwise. Anyhow, you are all right, and can always earn a good living. Stick to your work, my dear girl, and you will have your reward. With my love to you, and every hope for your happiness,

"Your heart-broken Father,

"THOMAS GREY."

CHAPTER XIII.

BERNARD'S teeth set hard as he read the heartless words. The wretch had deserted her! She was alone in the world! His heart was so full of pity and love that he could not find any words for a time. She held out her hand for the note, and as he gave it to her he held her hand.

"What can I say," he said, in a low voice.

The tears sprang to her eyes.

"I do not know what it means. Why has he gone?" she faltered, struggling with her tears. "He said nothing last night, not a word. I—oh! I do not know what to do!"

Bernard held her hand tightly, and though he did not know it, his firm, protecting grasp was more eloquent than a torrent of sympathetic words could have been.

Then he thought of the man outside. Perhaps he could throw some light on the affair and furnish the reasons for Grey's flight.

"There is a man outside," he said. "Perhaps he knows something. Who is he?"

Nance looked up, and shook her head.

"I do not know. He came this morning with a paper. It was something about the rent; I did not understand; but I think it is a mistake. Father"—her voice faltered at the word—"father told me that the rent was paid. I gave him the money for it a month ago. There is some mistake."

"Of course," said Bernard, reassuringly. "I think I will speak to him—if I may. Will you allow me?"

She raised her eyes to his with a world of gratitude, then sighed and looked away.

"No. I do not wish—I—oh! why have you come? Why do you not go? It is not right that you should be troubled—that you——"

Bernard forced a laugh.

"I am not in the habit of deserting my friends when they are in trouble, Miss Grey," he said. Then his voice broke. "What! leave you, Nance! What do you take me for?"

He went outside, and the man turned, with the pipe in his mouth, to regard him with dull interest.

"What is your business here, my man?" said Bernard. "I am a friend of Miss Grey, and——"

The man removed the dirty pipe from his lips, and touched the rim of his battered hat.

"That's all right, sir. I'm 'in' for the rent—three quarters."

"You are a bailiff?" said Bernard.

"That's it, sir," replied the man in a matter-of-fact tone. Scenes more or less painful were an every-day experience of his, and touched him not. "It's a matter of fifteen pounds and costs. Sorry for the young lady."

Bernard went back to the parlor and Nance.

"There has been some mistake about the rent," he said; "but I can put that right." Unfortunately, he had not his cheque-book with him. "Don't lose heart, Nance—Miss Grey. Your father will come back. I will follow him, and bring him back."

She rose with outstretched hand.

"No, no! You—you must not be mixed up—— You must not think of us. Please go now."

"Let me stay for a few moments," he pleaded. "You are in trouble. You have had no breakfast, and I haven't had much. May I have some tea?"

She looked at him with all a woman's appreciation of his tact. If he had been twice his years he could not have managed more adroitly.

She put the kettle on the fire, the tears filling her eyes, and he went and stood beside her, as if he could, by his nearness, demonstrate his intention of standing by her friend.

"It is all right," he said, in his frank and still boyish voice, "don't be afraid. I'll have your father back in a day or two, and——"

Footsteps and men's voices in the passage cut short his words. The door opened, and two men entered.

One was a short, thick-set man, with a bald head and red whiskers. Bernard, at a glance, saw that he was a German. The other man, a man with a sharp, alert expression and keen eyes that darted round the room like those of a bird, settling at last on Nance's face with a watchful scrutiny. Nance started, and turned towards them with a faint cry.

"Good morning," said the short, red haired man; "Miss Grey, I believe. My name is Schneller."

"Schniff and Schneller," murmured the other man, in a sharp, dry voice.

Nance, with her hand to her heart, looked from one to the other.

"My father," she said, pantingly, "my father is not at home."

Mr. Schneller looked at her with something like pity in his eyes.

"No, I suppose he isn't. We didn't expect to find him. We've come about business, Miss Grey. I am sorry to say that your fader has behaved very badly—very. We trusted him—me and my partner—and treated him as an honest man. Yes"—he drew a long breath—"we've been a goot deal too—what do you call it?—too lenient mit him, my tear young lady." He shook his head. "Your fader has behaved very badly. He has robbed us, robbed us, Miss Grey."

Nance uttered a cry, and shrank back,

and Bernard took her hand and drew her arm within his.

"Wait," he said; but Mr. Schneller was warmed to his task, and too much alive to the sense of his injuries to be checked.

"It is not the first time, either," he said. "We—me and my partner—have overlooked it not once only, but twice and three times. But it was all of no use. Your fader has defrauded us of over fifty pounds."

"Sixty-five pounds," said the other man in his sharp voice.

"Yes, sixty-five pounds," said Mr. Schneller, "and we're obliged to make an example of him. This chentleman is a detective——"

Nance uttered a cry, and shrank nearer to Bernard.

"And he's come to arrest him. We're—my partner and me—very sorry for you, young lady, but we're obliged to make an example. You see, it isn't the first time. He's a bat man is your fader, young lady."

"Been embezzling the money of his employers for months past," said the detective, concisely. "Matter of a hundred pounds and more, according to the accounts."

"That's so," assented Mr. Schneller. "A regular bad case. You'd better tell your fader to come quietly, young lady."

"Yes, give no trouble; all the worse for him," put in the detective.

Nance was incapable of speech. She clung to Bernard's arm, white as death, and as silent, her eyes distended with fear and terror.

Pity, love, burned in Bernard's heart.

He drew her to a chair.

"Sit down, Nance," he said, in a voice so low that the others could not hear it. "Leave them to me."

She sank into the chair, and he turned to the men.

"I am a friend of Miss—of Mr. Grey's," he said. "I will talk the matter over with you."

"A friend of Mr. Grey's?" said the detective. "Ah! perhaps you are the gentle man who gave him the cheque for sixty five pounds, which he changed at the public last night."

Nance moaned and rose to her feet, but Bernard gently pressed her down again.

"That's all right," he said.

"Ah! we thought it was a forgery," said the detective. "He's capable of anything, I should say."

"No; it is mine," said Bernard quietly. "Will you step outside?"

He walked into the passage, and the men followed him.

"Now, Mr. Schneller," he said, "I take it that you want your money."

Mr. Schneller shook his head.

"It's not only the money, sir," he said. "It's the ingratitude—the example."

"Just so," put in the detective.

"Mr. Grey has gone," said Bernard; "you can catch him, I have no doubt; but, Mr. Schneller, you don't want to punish the innocent with the guilty? His daughter, Miss Grey——"

"The poor young lady!" muttered the German with a sigh.

"Just so," said Bernard. "See here, I will pay this money, and all the costs."

He looked at the detective.

"All the costs. Give me a piece of paper."

Mr. Schneller hesitated, but the detective whispered—

"Take it."

The German drew a sheet of paper from his pocket. Using the wall as a desk, Bernard looked from one to the other.

"A hundred pounds will cover it, I think Mr. Schneller," said the detective in an undertone.

Bernard wrote an order on the bank for that amount, and handed it to Mr. Schneller, who accepted it, but not without a certain amount of hesitation and reluctance.

"It's the example," he muttered.

"I know, but think of Miss Grey," said Bernard. "You may have daughters of your own."

"Five," said Mr. Schneller. "Well, well! But it's not right, sir—it's not right! Well, well! Good morning, sir. If you're a friend of that poor young lady I should advise you to keep her away from that scoundrel of a fader of hers.

The two men went off, and Bernard returned to the parlor.

Nance was sitting, with her head bowed in her hands, but she rose as he entered.

"It is all right," he said, taking her hand. "Don't be frightened. They have gone; they will not come back."

"You—you have paid the money?" she said, almost inaudibly.

"Your father is quite safe," he said. "He can come back when he likes."

"He will not come back," she said; "he will never come back! Oh, what shall I do? What can I say to—to you?"

She wrung her hands.

"Why—why did you come? Why have you done all this?"

The blood rose to her face; his heart beat madly.

"Because I love you! Listen, Nance! I love you! Do you understand? I love you with all my heart and soul!"

"No—no—no!" she panted, trying to shrink away from him.

But he held her hand and drew her to him with an irresistible force.

"Yes, yes! a hundred thousand times 'yes'!" he said. "Nance, I love you! Will you be my wife?"

She gazed at him with distended eyes. The color flooded her face, leaving it, a moment after, of ivory whiteness.

"Your—your wife?" she panted.

"Yes—yes!" he said.

"I—I, the daughter of a thief!" she broke out.

"I do not care," he said, swiftly. "It is you I love, of you only I think. Be my wife, Nance. I tell you I love you."

"No, no."

"Yes! Dearest, I cannot live without you! Come to me!"

He drew her to him, and kissed her lips, her hair, her eyes.

"No!" She struggled in his arms. "I—I am not worthy. I am the daughter of a common thief. I will not drag you down, dishonor you."

"Drag me down, dearest? Nance, if you only knew how far above me, how unworthy I am to touch your hand, your lips——"

"No, no. It is I. I am only a common work girl——"

"I love you! I love you! Listen to me. You cannot stay here. He—your father—may return. You cannot live with him—"

"I cannot leave him."

"He has left you. Nance, come with me. I will find a place of shelter for you until we can be married."

"Married!" She gazed wildly round her. "Never. I will not disgrace you, I will not. I love you too well."

She fell at his feet, and hid her face in her hands.

He drew her to his breast, and kissed her, his heart in every kiss.

"Come, Nance," he said, scarcely knowing what he said. "You will come with me! This is no place for you, my pure, sweet, innocent Nance."

Her jacket and hat lay on a chair beside him. He snatched them up, and helped her to put them on.

She submitted like one in a trance; she was, indeed, in a trance—a trance of love and gratitude.

And together, with her arm in his, cling ing to him, they passed out.

The die was cast, the Rubicon passed!

CHAPTER XIV.

It is a significant fact in this strange history of a woman's fate that when Bernard had led Nance outside the cottage he had no notion of where he was to go; his one idea was to get her away from the house overshadowed by her father's dishonor, and the hateful presence of the broker's man.

He knew that he could not take her to his rooms, and he looked round helplessly. The sight of the blue sky and the sun on the river gave him an idea. His great desire was to take her to some quiet place where she would find rest and peace—somewhere in the country, amidst the fields and trees. He remembered Long Ditton. It was just the place; a quiet spot beside the river, at which he had now and again stopped for a glass of ale when sculling up stream.

Yes, he would take her to Long Ditton.

He called a hansom, and Nance suffered him, without question or protest, to put her in. She was, indeed, too bewildered and overwhelmed to care where she was going, or what became of her.

When they reached Waterloo Station Bernard insisted upon getting her a glass of wine; which she obediently put to her lips, though she could not drink it, and he took two tickets to Long Ditton. Fortunately, a train was due in a few minutes, and it was not until they were seated, and the train on the point of starting, that Nance seemed to realize what was happening.

"Where are we going?" she asked with a start, as if awaking, and her eyes sought his with troubled apprehension.

They were alone in the carriage, and Bernard took her hand. At his touch she sank back again, and the look of doubt and anxiety faded from her face.

"We are going to a quiet little place up the river, Nance," he said gently, but in the tone of masculine self-possession which compels a woman's confidence. "You can't go back to Eden-row; you must get away, out of sight and thought of it. I know a little village along the Thames where you can stay for awhile—till we decide what is best to be done. You are not afraid to trust yourself to me, Nance?" he added gravely.

Her eyes answered, "No" plainly enough, but she said—

"But—but my father? He will come back and find me gone."

He felt that the truth was the only thing at this juncture, and he answered her frankly—

"I don't think Mr. Grey"—he hated the word "father" in connection with this heartless scoundrel—"will return until I find him and bring him back; but I will leave a letter for him with the people next door. Don't fret, Nance," for tears rose to her eyes; "he is quite safe; that German fellow cannot prosecute now, and—and it will all come right. Close your eyes and try and rest. It is not a long journey, and we shall soon be there."

She obeyed with the docility of a child, and, that he might be able to keep his eyes off her, he opened his paper and made a pretence of reading—a pretence only, for the lines of type danced madly before his eyes.

They reached the little country station. Of course, there was no fly, and Bernard, inwardly blessing himself for not wiring for one, took her arm with his.

"It is not far, Nance," he said; "I am sorry you should have to walk."

"No, no," she said, almost inaudibly; "I am quite well, and able to walk. How—how good you are to me!"

A country lane led from the station to a small heath-like common, on the edge of which Bernard remembered having seen a cottage with apartments to let.

At another time Nance would have been full of delight at the beauty of the place, at the miniature heath, the peaceful meadows, the old oaks and elms in all their summer bravery, but it is doubtful whether she saw, or was conscious of, anything but the man—the hero, the king—on whose arm she leant.

Her heart was overflowing with gratitude and love, and she could think of nothing but his wonderful goodness to her.

To his immense satisfaction, he saw the card "Apartments" in the cottage window, and, with a slight pressure of the arm to reassure and encourage her, he knocked at the door.

A middle aged woman of motherly aspect came to the door, smoothing her white apron and arranging her cap.

"Yes, she had rooms," she said, in answer to Bernard's inquiry; "would the lady and gentleman please walk in?"

She conducted them to a cozy little parlor overlooking the heath, with a glimpse of the shining river, and informed Bernard that she had this room and a bedroom.

Having, for appearance's sake, asked the terms, which was ridiculously low, Bernard engaged the rooms.

"And when would you like to come in, ma'am?" asked the landlady, addressing Nance.

"We will take possession at once, Mrs.——"

"Johnson, sir."

"——Mrs. Johnson," Bernard replied, in as matter-of-fact a tone as he could assume. "We have been disappointed in getting a house"—it was amazing to him, considering that he had planned nothing, how easily he connected an excuse—"and have come here because we prefer quiet rooms to an hotel."

Mrs. Johnson seemed to see nothing inconsistent in the statement.

"Quite so, sir," she said. "Many gentlefolks don't like the noise and bustle of an hotel; and I can promise you that you'll be quite quiet here. You see, we are a little too far from the river for most of the boating people, and there's no other visitors; and I'll do my best to make you and your good lady comfortable. I'm only a plain cook——"

"I am sure we shall be comfortable," said Bernard. "Can we have something to eat, Mrs. Johnson? I mean pretty soon?"

Mrs. Johnson looked at him with respectful scrutiny.

"It's usual to have references, sir——" she hesitated.

Bernard took out his card case; but—another link in the chain of coincidences—there was no card in it.

"My name is Bernard——"

"Thank you, sir," she said.

"And I will pay a month's rent in advance, please."

He laid a five-pound note on the table, and Mrs. Johnson, with an "Oh! that's not necessary, sir," took it up half reluctantly; for Bernard's frank face and Nance's sweet one had impressed her favorably and inspired her with confidence.

"I'll give you some chops——"

"And some tea," said Bernard, thinking of Nance.

"And some tea, at once, sir. Perhaps your good lady would like to come up stairs to her room. In one moment," and she left the room.

Bernard took Nance's hand. She was pale, and still trembling, and her eyes seemed too heavy to be lifted to his face.

"Forgive me, Nance!" he said; "I was obliged to say what I did. Don't say anything to her. Come down as quickly as you can, and—for heaven's sake, don't cry, dearest! It—it drives me mad to see tears in your eyes!"

She lifted them then.

"No," she said, "I will not cry. Oh! what can I say——"

The entrance of the landlady cut her short, and she followed her upstairs.

Bernard went outside. He, too, felt confused and bewildered. Whither was he drifting, whither was he leading her? The force of circumstances was driving them as a leaf is driven by the wind. He had allowed the woman to think that Nance was his wife; should he correct the impression—should he tell her? What could he tell her that would prevent her thinking ill of his sweet, pure Nance?

Besides, it was too late now. He should have set her straight at the beginning.

He stood at the gate, gazing vacantly and in perplexed thought at the heath, until the landlady came to the door and announced that the lunch was ready.

Nance was seated at the table. She was still pale, but she had bathed her face, and there were only slight traces of tears left.

His heart leapt with a lover's admiration as he looked at her.

"You need not wait," he said to the landlady; "everything looks very nice, Mrs. Johnson."

"Thank you, sir. I hope Mrs. Bernard approves of the room. Of course, with such short notice, things are not quite as I should like them, and will have them——"

Nance managed to raise her eyes.

"It is a very pretty room," she said, in a low voice; then, when the door had closed on the landlady, she said, breathing painfully, "Mr. Bernard——"

"Not until you've eaten something," said Bernard, with gentle masterfulness; "not a word. Besides, my name to you is"—he bethought him of one of his numerous Christian names—"is Cyril; unless you want me to call you Miss Grey. No, you shall not say a word yet. I am famished; excitement always makes me hungry. I'll do all the talking—and most of the eating, I'm afraid. Now, Nance, now, dearest, if you want to give me pleasure, if you want me to think that you're not angry with me——"

"Angry!" she murmured, lifting her eyes to his with a divine look of gratitude and love.

"All right! There, try and make a good lunch. The chops are splendid, by Jove! I wish they had some beer. Shall I try? They might have."

He rang the bell—not because he wanted the beer so badly, but to as so give a matter-of-fact tone to the proceedings.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AND THE SOUP WAS SERVED.—Madame Modan-Carvalho, when acting, delights in a basin of soup, smoking hot, and flavored with grated cheese. Some years back she was engaged at Marseilles, and her first thought on arriving there was to inquire where she could order her favorite dish. She was recommended to a restaurant, just by the theatre, and, going there, gave her order in person.

At nine o'clock mine host called his serving-maid, and, placing a gigantic tureen in her hands, told her to take it to Madame Carvalho, on the stage. He added that orders had been given to let her pass with her bowl, and, on the girl's assurance that she would recognize the cantatrice, sent her off with the soup.

Everybody gave way before the servant carrying the sacred meal of the "star," when suddenly, between the wings, she caught sight of Madame Carvalho, who was singing the finale of the first act of Lucia. Ravenswood and his betrothed were just about to begin the passionate scene which brings down the curtain, when the maid entered and placed her tureen on the mossy bank in front of the fountain.

Then, lifting up the cover and plunging in a spoon, she explained, to the stupefaction of actors and audience—

"Begging your pardon for interrupting you, sir, and the lady—but here's the soup!"

IN THE WOODS.

BY W. W. LOSS.

In the dear old woods we rambled, sweet,
I stood alone in the shade to-day,
And dream of the hours, the golden hours,
That have passed for ever away.

The violets bloom in the cold green grass,
The winds thro' them murmur low;
The birds on the branches sing their songs,
As sweet as they did in the long ago.

Oh, dear old woods I love so well,
I have pressed the bloom of your grasses green,
With my bonny lovely days of yore,
When we looked for violets there between.

Oh, dear old woods of memory,
Where winds sing soft and low,
You are all that is left of a tender past,
Of the days of long ago.

Junia.

BY M. C. P.

I AM a woman with strong nerves, by which I mean that I hardly know of the existence of such things. I never go into hysterics or get cold feelings down my back when I hear an "authenticated" ghost story, neither am I afraid to go to bed after I have heard it, and I never had a presentiment or a dream that came true in my life, which is saying a good deal!

In fact I am entirely free from superstition or belief in the supernatural, so that it may be clearly understood that I am a most matter of fact person, and that with this kind of temperament it is not likely that I could have invented the following story in case any one should imagine that I had done so.

One morning, at the beginning of last cold weather, I received a letter from a Mrs. Pollock, a great friend of mine, whose husband was an irrigation officer in the Punjab, begging me to go and pay her a very long promised visit.

"Harry is going into camp for a month," she wrote, "and I have been so seedy lately that he thinks I had better not go too, so do come and stay with me like a dear creature, for I shall be all alone except for my little Dot. This is a hideous dull place, hardly any people, but I know you don't mind that sort of thing."

I showed the letter to my brother Jack, for whom I have kept house during the last five years, and asked him what I should do.

"I think you had better go," he answered, "she really seems to want you, and she's been very kind ever since you came out, so I think it's the least you can do, only I'm afraid it's a beastly journey for you."

"Oh! I don't mind that, if you're sure you'll be all right alone."

Jack burst out laughing in a rude school boyish way:

"What do you think will happen to me?" he asked.

"Why, you know very well; you always say everything goes wrong when I'm away, that all your food tastes of ghee or onions, and you get the same dinner every night, which is entirely your own fault for ——"

But Jack was stopping up his ears and making faces at me, so I ceased wasting my breath and retired to write and tell Mary Pollock I would be with her in a week, arranging to arrive on the day her husband was to go into camp.

It was indeed, as Jack had prophesied, "a beastly journey," and I arrived at L—— utterly worn out at about five o'clock in the evening.

Mary was on the platform of the station and received me delightedly.

"Oh! you dear old thing, you're not a bit altered," she cried, which was a fact. I did not consider remarkable, as it was little more than a year since she had seen me last!

"You wait till I've had a bath," I replied; "the dust has filled up all the new wrinkles and my hat hides my grey hair!"

A bamboo cart was waiting outside, into which we climbed and were soon bowling along the hard white road at a brisk pace.

"I'm longing for you to see Dot," said Mary; "she's grown awfully since you saw her, and she can walk by herself and say lots of little words!"

"Well, my dear Mary, it would be rather odd if she hadn't grown," I said, laughing, "considering she was only about eight months old when I saw her last—a year ago."

"Yes, it would," admitted Mary gravely, "but you know she grows awfully fast, much faster than other children; my ayah says she never saw such a child."

Now I must confess that I am not fond of children. I like them very well in their place (if it is not near me), but I never know how to behave towards them if I am called upon to notice them, and am always in terror of what they are going to say next. Therefore, fond as I was of Mary herself, the subject of her conversation did not particularly interest me.

"I've such a good ayah," went on Mary, "the best I have ever come across. I got her quite by chance. You remember Mrs. Grogan? Well, she wrote to Mrs. Brown, who wanted an ayah, and then——"

But happily at this point in the narrative we pulled up in front of Mary's house. "Oh! here we are," she said. "Well, I must tell you the rest another time."

When we were in the drawing-room she inquired if I would rather see Dot first or have some tea.

"I should like some tea," I replied boldly, for I was exceedingly tired and thirsty and I reflected with much sagacity that if I did not at once make a stand, I should be ridden over roughshod by "Dot" for the remainder of my visit.

After tea I was taken to my room and then Mary went to fetch Dot for exhibition. She carried the child in her arms, and for once my prejudices melted away.

She was the most lovely little girl I had ever seen in my life, with a grave sweet face that quite won my unmotherly heart.

"You little darling!" I exclaimed in spite of myself, and Mary put her into my arms in an ecstasy of delight.

I tapped the precussion, and shook my keys, and went through various other idiotic antics in my endeavors to amuse Dot who I felt sure would set up a howl in a minute or two. But she watched my foolish attempts to be amusing with a gravity that was most embarrassing, and taken though I was with the little creature I was relieved when she held out her arms to go back to her mother.

"Here, ayah," called out Mary, "take Dottie babba into the garden."

A woman with a sullen, handsome face entered and took the child away.

"What a horrid looking creature!" I remarked. "Is that the ayah you told me about? I'm sure she has a fiendish temper."

"Indeed she's most gentle with Dot," said Mary, a little put out. "I would trust the child anywhere with her; she has got rather a temper, but all ayahs are the same and as long as she's kind and nice to Dot I don't care how many tempers she has."

I saw I had vexed Mary by my thoughtless remark, so said no more on the subject, reflecting that I knew little or nothing about ayahs at all, and whether this particular one had a temper or not did not affect me in the least, so long as Mary herself was satisfied with her.

The next morning I was awakened by feeling a soft little pat on my face, and, opening my eyes, I saw Dot standing by my pillow.

"Why, little one, are you alone?" I said, lifting her up on the bed, and then I discovered that her feet were dripping with water.

"Oh, Dot! where have you been?" I exclaimed. She lifted one wet little foot and examined it carefully and then pointed to the bath room door, which was open, and from where I lay I could see an overturned gurrah with streams of water on the floor, evidently Dot's handiwork.

I put on my dressing gown and took the child in to her mother.

"Mary, here's Dot with her feet quite wet; she must have been playing with water in the bath-room for ages. What can the ayah have been about?"

"Oh! good gracious! She'll catch her death," cried Mary, frantically pulling off the little shoes and stockings and calling for the ayah, who presently came in and stood silently waiting her mistress.

"What do you mean by leaving the child like this?" exclaimed Mary angrily, and taking Dot's shoes and stockings she threw them to the ayah, telling her to fetch dry ones. One of the little shoes struck the ayah on the cheek, for Mary was very much annoyed, and had flung them with more force than was necessary.

Never shall I forget the look on that woman's face, it was literally the countenance of a devil; but Mary did not notice it, for she was busy chafing the tiny pink feet in her hands.

"Mary," I said, "I can't help it, but that woman is a perfect brute; do get rid of her. I never saw such a look as she gave you just now."

"My dear," answered Mary good-humoredly, "you've taken a dislike to Junia and imagine these things. She knew she had done wrong and was ashamed of herself. It's the first time such a thing has happened, so I shan't say anything more to her about it."

So the matter dropped, but I could not get over my dislike to Junia, and as my visit wore on and I got fonder and fonder of dear little Dot, I could hardly bear to see the child in her presence.

My month with Mary passed very quickly and I was really sorry when my visit was over and I had to go home. I missed Dot terribly when I got back, more especially as soon after I returned Jack was obliged to go away for a few days on business, and I was left alone. I had become ridiculously fond of that little round ball of humanity calling itself Dot, with the great dark eyes and short yellow curls, and I shall never forget my feelings when the news came, in the shape of a letter from Mr. Pollock, to say that he had lost their only child for ever.

I read and re-read the letter over and over again. It was so terribly sudden. I had only left Mary and Dot five days ago, and my mind went back to the morning I started, when I left Mary on the platform with the baby in her arms, who was kissing her little fat hands laboriously to me and looking the picture of life and health.

Poor Mr. Pollock wrote in a heart-broken strain. It appeared that the child had strayed away one afternoon and must have fallen into the river, which ran past the bottom of the garden, for the tiny solatopee was picked up not very far down, and close to the water's edge was a toy the child had been playing with all day.

"There seems no doubt that she must have fallen in," wrote Mr. Pollock, "for though everything has been done to find her, we have been unsuccessful; as you know, in these rivers a body is very seldom recovered. My poor wife is almost out of her mind with grief, and I have telegraphed for leave, as I mean to take her home at once. The ayah Junia, whom you must have seen while you were here, was away on three days' leave when it happened, or, as Mary says, it never would have occurred at all, and my wife has begged me to ask you if you will take her on, for she cannot bear the idea of any one who has had so much to do with our darling, going to a stranger. The woman has seemed a really faithful creature, though I believe she has faults, and she is quite dumb with grief. Of course do as you like about taking her, but if you could humor Mary in this fancy I should be extremely grateful. We shall be starting as soon as I get the sanction to my application for leave, so let me know as soon as you can whether you will take her or not."

I cried bitterly when I once realized that the dreadful news was true. Poor little Dot! I shuddered at the sentence in Mr. Pollock's letter—"in these rivers a body is very seldom recovered"—for I knew full well what he meant. Many a time I had stood looking out across the shallow water with Dot in my arms, trying to make out whether the dark points sticking out of the river were pieces of stick or weed, until they disappeared or the huge ugly head of an alligator rose to the surface for a second.

I wired at once that I would take Junia willingly. I forgot my old dislike of her, and only remembered that I should have somebody with me who had known and loved Dot well. Poor woman! In spite of her peculiar temper she had tended her little charge very carefully, and I felt an intense pity for her, as I imagined what her feelings must have been when she returned from her short holiday and found that the child she had nursed and cared for as if it had been her own was gone for ever.

When she arrived I was quite shocked by her altered appearance; her face seemed to have shrunk to half its usual size and her eyes looked enormous and shone with a strange brilliancy. She was very quiet, but burst into a flood of tears when I tried to talk to her of poor little Dot, so I gave it up, as I saw she could hardly bear the subject mentioned.

I felt very low-spirited the night Junia came. Jack had written to say he was obliged to stay away a week longer than he had at first intended, so I had a weary time before me alone.

When I was going to bed Junia came into my room and stood looking at me without speaking.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Memsahib, may I sleep in your dressing room to night?" she said in a whisper, looking over her shoulder.

"Certainly," I replied. I saw the woman's nerves were overstrung and she needed companionship, or I should have refused her request, as I particularly dislike an ayah sleeping anywhere near me.

I must have been asleep after this for about three hours, when I awoke in the middle of a strange dream. I thought I was in a blinding storm of rain, and that a child's voice was calling to me from the darkness for help.

I opened my eyes with a start. I thought I was not thoroughly awake, for the child's shrill voice was still ringing in my ears; it seemed to die away at last, and I lay down with the first feeling of unaccountable nervousness I had ever experienced creeping over me.

I could not lie still, and was thinking of lighting a candle and reading myself to sleep, when I heard a faint sound outside in the verandah; it was a very low wailing cry, and it seemed to come from close to my dressing-room door. I listened intently till the cry came again; it was certainly a child's voice, and the awful pleading and supplication expressed in the despairing little sound was more than I could stand. I was sure some native baby must have wandered into my verandah and was crying helplessly for its mother.

I lit the candle and went into my dressing room, the outer door of which led into the verandah; to my intense astonishment there was Junia, with her head bare and her long black hair streaming in wild disorder, crouching against the door and holding it fast with both her hands, as if she was trying to prevent its being opened from the outside.

"What is the matter, Junia? Whose child is that crying outside?" I asked.

She sprang to her feet and began to arrange her chaddar over her head.

"I heard nothing," she answered sullenly. I opened the door and went out into the verandah, but there was nothing to be seen, so I went back to bed, thinking it must have been some animal or perhaps my fancy, and I heard nothing more to disturb me that night.

The next morning I dined out, and on my return, which was rather late, I went straight to my bed room. As I approached the door I heard some one talking inside. I looked in, the bed-room was empty, but I could see into my dressing room where a light was burning, and I discovered that the noise was made by Junia, who was kneeling in front of the outer door and beseeching something or somebody to "go away" at the top of her voice.

"Junia, Junia, what are you doing?" I exclaimed.

Directly she saw me she came towards me excitedly.

"Oh, memsahib! tell her to go away," she almost shrieked.

"Tell who?" I demanded.

"Dottie babba," she moaned, wringing her hands; "she cries to come to me, listen to her, listen!"

She held her breath and waited, and I solemnly declare that as I stood face to face with that unhappy woman, and listened as she told me to, I heard a child crying and wailing on the other side of the door. I stood mute with surprise while the plaintive wail rose and fell, until I could stand it no longer, and flung the door open, I stood with the candle held high above my head.

There was no need of a candle, it was a lovely moonlight night and everything was as clear as daylight, but there was no child anywhere and the verandah was quite empty.

I made up my mind to sift the matter to the bottom, so I went to the servants' houses and called them all up.

"Whose child has been crying?" I asked. "I am not angry about it, I only want to know."

"Mine are the only children here at all," said the khansamah, "and they are big children and sound asleep; only the syces have some small children, and they are too far away for you to hear them cry."

"Perhaps one of them has strayed over here," I said; "search all round the house."

But no child, or trace of any child, was found, so I returned to my verandah, where I saw Junia in a most excited state, so much so that I feared she was going out of her mind.

"Memsahib, will she go away if I tell you everything?" she asked, clinching her hands, and her eyes almost starting from her head.

"Yes, yes," I said soothingly; "tell me what you like."

She silently took my wrist and dragged me out into the bright moonlight.

"Sit down," she whispered; "now we can see her if she comes."

I felt I was in the presence of a mad woman, so I quietly sat down on a large stone and waited.

She began to walk round me, speaking in a kind of chant.

"I did it," she said; "I killed the child, little Dottie babba; she has followed me

ever since, you heard her cry yourself. The memsahib angered me the day she struck me with the the shoe, and then a devil entered into my heart. I asked for leave, as I meant to go to a holy man and have it cast out, but it was too strong for me, it made me come back and it kept saying 'Kill, kill,' and I knew it would never leave me till I had done what it wanted. Oh! I tried to keep away. I fought and struggled against it, but I knew I must give way; so on the second day of my leave I crept back and hid among the bushes till I saw the child alone, and then I took her away and killed her. She was so glad to see me at first, and laughed and talked, and then when she saw the devil in my eyes she grew frightened and cried, just as you heard her cry last night and to night. Then I took her little white throat in my strong hand—see, memsahib, how large and strong they are—and I pressed and pressed like this, until the child was dead—and then the devil left me. I looked at her and saw what I done and I could not unclasp her hands from my chuddur, they held it so tightly, so I had to take it off, and I wrapped her in it——"

The woman stopped suddenly. I had listened in silence up till then, repressing the exclamations of horror that rose to my lips as I heard the ghastly confession.

"What did you do then?" I asked, digging my nails into the palms of my hands in my efforts to keep calm.

Junia pressed her hands to her forehead. "I forgot," she murmured—"I did something near the water—I was very quick, I——." There was a shriek from the dry parched lips, and flinging her arms above her head, she fell at my feet unconscious and foaming at the mouth.

I called aloud for help, and presently the servants heard me and came running to the spot.

I sent one of them for the doctor, who lived near, and in the meantime I had a charpoy brought and the unconscious figure laid on it.

Very little remains to be told. On examination Junia was found to be raving mad, and the doctor expressed his opinion that she must have been in a more or less dangerous state for some months past. I told him of her horrible confession to me in the moonlight, and he said that very probably the whole story was a pure delusion on her part. However this may be, I am firmly convinced that what the woman told me was true, and I cannot overcome the idea that the cause of my thinking so is the fact of my having heard the cries I have described on those two consecutive nights.

I will not say that I actually believe it was the spirit of little Dot that I heard, and yet—what was it?

I went to see Junia once after she was placed under restraint and the sight saddened me so that I never went again. She was seated on the floor patting an imaginary child to sleep, crooning the queer little lullaby that ayahs always use, and when I spoke to her she only looked at me with wild vacant eyes and continued her monotonous little chant as if she had not seen me at all.

A STORY OF ROYAL PERIL.

A STATION-MASTER upon one of the English lines confessed, some two or three years ago, that the Queen had once had a very narrow escape from death of which the historians and the public knew nothing. It was the occasion of one of her last visits, with the Prince Consort, to the Emperor of the French; and the Royal train left London considerably after the hour set down in the programme for its departure. In fact, there was such a fearful tempest reging all night in town, that the officials of the railway had begun to think that the distinguished travellers would certainly postpone their journey, and order the "special" for the following day.

But the queen has a wonderful nerve. Very rarely will any consideration of weather or season deter her from her intentions. On this particular occasion she waited at Buckingham Palace for some hours, and then determined to brave the voyage. The Royal train was duly dispatched, and the customary exemplary precautions were hedged about its passengers.

As usual, look-out men were stationed at all the crossings; points were spiked; signalmen were forbidden to let any other train pass over the rails for twenty minutes previous to the "special's" coming. Nor does one doubt that these precautions were stringently observed. The station-master who tells the extraordinary story, followed them most faithfully. There was but one puny sigling to his little station, and the points of this he spiked. He kept back a trolly laden with workmen anxious to return to their homes; and the poor fellows sat huddled together in the wind and the rain for two or three hours, momentarily expecting the Queen to pass by, angered and disappointed by the long delay and the absence of the Royal train.

After waiting until nearly eleven o'clock at night, the station master concluded at last that the "special" was not coming, and that it was absurd for him to postpone the ordinary business of the line any longer. He gave the order that the trolly might go and told the look-out man to remove the spikes from the points.

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when he heard a shout from the watcher on the crossing, observed the waving of a green lantern, and saw in the far distance the flame of the engine which dragged the Queen's train.

By this time, however, the elated trollymen had set their truck going, and it was rushing full speed towards the crossing. The wind blew so fiercely that the station-master's cries were lost in the roar of the blast; the rain beat down so mercilessly that he could scarce run against it. But run he must, and in an agony of fear and hope, he pursued the whirling trolly.

And now the "special" was approaching the station. The distant glow of red light had become a volume of golden sparks; the hum of the wheels echoed from the rails—even the shrill whistle of the locomotive was to be heard. At that time the trolly was not a hundred yards from the track; the station master was twenty yards behind it. Should he go on, or should he call to the men? Wisely, he chose the latter course; he roared the word 'Stop!" with all his lungs. A lull of the wind let the men hear. They looked up to observe the position, and, with a loud cry, they dug their heels into the ground and tried to stop the rushing truck.

For a moment a catastrophe seemed unavoidable. The trolly was travelling fast; the express was approaching at a speed of fifty miles an hour. Happily, however, the men were strong; they realized what such an accident would mean, and flinging all their weight to the work, they brought their truck up at a measured distance of forty feet from the main line. And so the "special" passed on, to darkness and to safety; nor was it until more than a quarter of a century had passed that the world knew how very nearly her Majesty and the Prince had perished in one of the most lonely parts of Kent.

There must, of course, have been many occasions when the Queen has escaped danger as narrowly as on that remarkable night, but no record of them exists. Twice upon the Continent, she has been in a slight railway accident, but in neither case did she suffer harm. The same cannot be said of her carriage mishaps, of which the most serious was that near Ahnaguithaasch on the 7th of October, 1803. The road was a difficult one; the night was intensely dark. Her Majesty had taken one of her favorite drives with the Princesses Alice and Helena, and was returning to Balmoral about the hour of dinner. The exact cause of the catastrophe will never be known. Smith, the usual coachman, lost his head entirely. The darkness and the narrowness of the highland path robbed him of his nerve; and after losing his way many times, the famous John Brown got down to assist him and to lead the ponies.

Two or three minutes after this, the carriage was suddenly overturned, and the Queen fell almost under it. It was a miracle that she escaped death. Her face was terribly bruised; her hands were cut; and she was compelled to sit by the roadside for almost an hour, until the servants returned with help and ponies.

From the Lawyer's Mental Note-book.—"Yes," said a member of the legal profession, "it is very interesting to observe how litigants behave in various stages of an action at law; indeed, I may say their behavior is most amusing at times.

"It often occurs that when a person first decides to commence proceedings against another, he is most confident of success.

"'I mean to have my rights,' he will declare, with emphasis; 'and no jury, after hearing the facts, can hesitate to give me a verdict. It will simply be a walk-over for me.'

"This is in the early days of the action.

"But as time goes on, and affidavits have to be sworn, and interrogatories met, our litigant begins to lose his jaunty air.

"'Do you think we've a good case?' he will ask his legal adviser anxiously at every interview, and altogether he adopts a very different attitude.

"On the morning of the trial the erstwhile confident gentleman is in 'what school-boys term 'a mortal funk,' and, though he will not, of course, admit it, he wishes from the bottom of his heart that he had never resolved to indulge in such an expensive luxury as law. Visions of an adverse verdict, with fearful bills of costs, flit before his eyes, and instead of feeling like an aggrieved plaintiff, he suffers pangs akin to those of a guilty person. Of course, if he happens to win, he will unblushingly exclaim—

"'Didn't I tell you so from the first?'

"Can litigants put their own case fairly to a solicitor when seeking advice? Well, some can and some cannot. Business men as a rule are the most satisfactory clients. A man of affairs will urge the strong points in his own case, and then put his opponent's case fairly before you, weighing the evidence on both sides with judicial impartiality. If he thinks he has made a mistake anywhere he will say—

"'That's where I expect I went wrong.'

"I do not know that woman are more inclined to take a favorable view of their own case than men. But a female client generally gives more trouble than a man because of her garrulity. She will insist on telling her story with a wealth of detail that is positively appalling, especially to a professional man, who has plenty of other things to attend to. And when some women are interested in an action, I can assure you they do not give their unhappy legal adviser much peace. I have an instance in my mind where a lady client came to the office every day, and if everyone else was engaged, she would pour her woes into the ear of the office-boy.

"Solicitors could tell queer stories? Yes, it deed they could; for men often consult them in dire distress. Imagine a person rushing into your office to relate a long story of transactions in which he had been engaged, and winding up with—

"'Now, can they arrest me for that?'

"Some time ago, when there was so much talk of financial scandals in town there were strange stories abroad touching the advice sought by men of standing. It was said that among the entries in a solicitor's bill of costs was one which read—

"'To advising you as to countries with which no extradition treaty exists.

"Yes, there are plenty of sensational cases that come before the courts; but many others, that would make people open their eyes, are settled outside. I know of a lady who, at different times, commenced action for breach of promise against five different men—one of them a person of note—and obtained damages in each case without going into court. She was very attractive, and probably all the defendants had promised to marry her, but had subsequently found reason to desire to withdraw from the compact."

Saved From Drowning.—Among the numberless stories afloat about the Universities is one, founded on fact, of a man who had the misfortune to save a boy from drowning. A harmless undergraduate was one day taking his "constitutional" in the direction of the river, when he saw a lad out of his depth, struggling violently, and evidently on the point of sinking. He at once plunged in—the river being not very deep—caught hold of the unhappy little wretch, and brought him to the shore. That evening he went to bed feeling like a Christian Titus, who had not lost a day. He little knew what was in store for him. Next morning the father called; his gratitude was affecting, but at the close of the interview he expressed a wish—which was gratified—to drink the gentleman's health in a glass of beer. Thenceforward the University man was installed as the friend of the family. The boy saved from drowning was constantly in want of something or other, and it was the obvious duty of the man who, by prolonging his life, had exposed him to such hardships, to supply his needs. The other children had the measles; the hand which had saved was, as a matter of course, called upon to help the rest. An addition was made to the family, and who so proper as the undergraduate to give the wine necessary to recruit the mother's strength in her time of weakness? Till the hour of his departure from the University the well-meaning young man has never been free from fresh calls, and at length he has registered a vow that if ever again he sees a boy drowning, he will divert his walk in another direction.

The potential militia of this country includes all males from 18 to 44 years, and in 1890 the number was 13,239,168.

Scientific and Useful.

Chemical Torch.—A German has invented a chemical torch which ignites when wet. It is to be used on life buoys. When one is thrown a man overboard at night he can thus see the light and find the buoy.

Mail Boxes.—One of the most sensible of recent inventions is that of an electrical mail box. Whenever a letter is put into the box a signal is sent to the occupant of the building. The box may be placed in the same electric circuit with a call bell.

Eating by Electricity.—A London restaurant uses an electricity heated plate to keep one's food warm. So long as the current is turned on one can dine in as leisurely a way as he likes. There is no danger of receiving a shock from touching the plate.

Pulsimeter.—A pulsimeter has been invented with which it is claimed it is possible to tell to a fraction the exact condition of the heart beat. An electric pen traces on prepared paper the ongoings, haltings, and precise peregrinations of the blood, showing with the fidelity of science the strength or weakness of the pulse.

Military Drills.—Considerable comment has been aroused by the emphatic stand against the introduction of military drills in schools taken by so eminent an authority as Dr. Sargent, physical director of Harvard. He asserts that such drill not only does not develop the body, if used without previous physical training, but, on the contrary, inclines those taking part to contracted chests and round shoulders.

The Throat.—A new method of examining the larynx or trachea directly, without the intervention of a mirror or prism, has been devised by Dr. Kirstein, of Berlin. The patient is placed on his back, with his head hanging down, an œsophagoscope is introduced, and then a tube ten inches long is passed behind the epiglottis and lighted by an electroscope; the larynx can then be seen by the naked eye. The tube rests on the front upper teeth and keeps the tongue out of the way.

Farm and Garden.

Damp Houses.—Houses which are damp (because of proximity to undrained land) may be made more habitable by planting the laurel and the sunflower near them.

Wood Ashes.—Wood ashes are not as useful or as valuable as the salts of potash, but if plentiful they will be found very valuable as they contain both potash and lime.

Breed.—Do not forget that a grade animal will not breed all his good qualities. Nothing but a thoroughbred will give you improved stock from your mares and heifers, or from the droves and flocks. Do not waste your time.

The Heart.—An artery of the horse can usually be felt where it crosses the curve of the lower jaw, or in the bony ridge above the eye. It should beat 40 times a minute. If more rarid, hard and full, it indicates fever or inflammation; if slow, brain disease; if irregularly, heart trouble.

The Walking Horse.—For the farm, for the road and for every kind of practical work the fast walking horse is a valuable animal. We wonder when horsemen will awake and pay some attention to the development of this trait. Do not let the fast-trotting craze run away with your judgment.

Drinking.—Sprinkle a little stone lime in your stock tank and not a particle of green scum will form in the water. When the lime loses its strength and the scum begins to form, which may be twice during the season, wash out the tank and repeat the dose. It is cheap, not only harmless, but wholesome, keeps the water sweet and saves work.

Science and Experience.—We incline to the opinion that the farmers are becoming inclined to depend too much on the scientists for their knowledge of their business. The testimony of the soil should be studied. This is only another name for experiment. Practice with science is still called for to bring our work to the most successful results.

The Feeble Mother and the Weakly Child will be aided to health by the use of Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge, taken perseveringly an hour after meals. For the Liver use the Painless Sugar-Coated Sanative Pills.

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On Toleration.

We look upon the toleration of opinions differing from our own as such an elementary form of civic and personal virtue, so naturally and inalienably American—using the word in its widest national sense—that it comes upon us as a shock to realize that the idea is quite modern, and that the practice only recently obtained common acceptance.

It has been asserted that tolerance is only another name for indifference. It might with more truth be said that intolerance is another name for a want of faith. If we believe in the triumph of right, why should there be any effort to suppress violently the error which will be routed by truth in fair conflict? Tolerance, far from being a mark of indifference, may be an evidence of the serenest faith. Out of the hurly-burly of argument the truth is bound to emerge victorious in the end.

One eminent writer has admirably described the process by which the truth is advanced by free discussion. Strong and eager minds, he says, embrace original opinions, seldom all wrong, never quite right, part truth and part error; these they inculcate on all occasions, and gradually induce cooler-headed men to listen. These cooler men are the judges and the more eager ones the advocates. There is no infallibility about the court, it makes great mistakes, its decisions are incomplete in thought and imperfect in expression; but still, on the whole, the truth has the best of the proof and wins the most judgments. The process is slow, but it creeps along. Persecution stops the progress. And this collective wisdom is better than individual wisdom.

"No man is on all points so wise as the mass of men are after a good discussion." Intolerance rejects this theory, sets up its own standard as infallible, fears lest wrong should prevail. But how is it to know that it is not silencing truth by mistake? At its best, intolerance can give only a partial victory. If opinion that is regarded as pernicious is repressed by force, its manifestations may be for the moment overborne, but the victory is entirely negative. Nobody can be compelled to believe as another wills. The State may bring its power to bear to secure uniformity, as in Russia, and extirpate terror, but it cannot create belief; it can eradicate heresy, but it makes sceptics.

Yet how natural the pettiness and impatience of intolerance are to us all! As communities and as individuals, it is a sore struggle to give to each the freedom of thought that each demands for himself, and, when an impulse against some form of toleration has gained a hold of us, how almost impossible it is to eradicate it!

A man who has been taught in early life to distrust a particular form of religion will, after years of wide experience, and when he prides himself upon the extinction from his nature of prejudices, be surprised at finding himself subject to the revulsions of his early days.

Youth is particularly liable to err against toleration. It does not realize the need for restraint. The way seems straight; truth shines in perfect clearness. The heart leaps up against those who would deny or hesitate to affirm what appears so certain. It was at the beginning of the Apostles' careers that they were ready to call down fire from heaven on such as were so monstrous as to oppose a good mission. They grew out of that feeling in the end. We fear, too, that toleration is less practised among women than among men. They are given to dividing things into right and wrong, black and white. They prefer to take a side. All this is quite consistent with toleration, but not unless there is a good deal of breadth of view and equability of temperament.

A sharp division must necessarily be made in toleration between thought and conduct. It is toleration of belief that we defend. Belief belongs essentially to the individual. Conduct affects others directly, belief only indirectly. Towards wrong-doing that causes others to suffer we cannot afford to feel tolerant; sharp restraint is necessary, and flabby irresolution soon appears as bad as complicity where misery is being actively caused.

It may be said that the advocacy of insidious opinions may sap the dearest convictions of our childhood and may cause us as genuine pain as would be caused by the bomb-splinters of the Anarchist, and that the restriction of the one is as necessary in principle, though not in degree or urgency, as the restriction of the other. But the one effect may be welcome and curative in the end; the other can only be destructive. It is however one of the most difficult of problems to settle where the toleration of thought ends and the necessity for restricting action begin. Between thought and action stands talk—and talk may very easily put itself outside the limits of toleration.

On the whole, probably the best instances of modern toleration may be found in the political sphere. It need hardly be acknowledged that there are many people interested in politics who are so viciously absorbed in one set of thoughts that they cannot bear with patience any generous reference to opponents; but on the other hand, the usual attitude towards political doings and changes, even among those most keenly interested, is a delight in the changes of the political drama. They are pleased with all the figures, though of course their admiration is for one side. They are glad when the leaders of the opposition—to their side—distinguish themselves. It is like a clever stroke at a game of skill, which is not admired the less because it adds to the wrong score. And when a great leader retires, it is to the plaudits and generously-expressed good feeling of both sides.

The necessity for toleration is not only seen in matters of opinion, but sometimes it is felt even more keenly in matters of taste. Opinion is held the more seriously and differences seem grave, but taste revolts more instinctively and sharply. Looking at human differences in the largest sense, we find the intolerance of race; and it needs all our resources of intellect and efforts of will to check the feeling.

To people who sit at home in ease and are rarely brought into close contact with races that differ widely from their own, it may seem an easy matter to write down and accept all mankind as brethren of one blood; but the man who travels widely finds he has an unending war to wage against an instinctive intolerance of the ways of primitive man. The feeling does not wholly disappear when the difference of race is narrowed to scarcely imperceptible degrees.

A PROLIFIC source of wasted time is the insufficient preparation that is often made for the work attempted. A very large proportion of the suffering of the unemployed at this time comes from this cause. With thousands of men and women asking for work, it is as difficult as ever in many departments to find skilled and thoroughly efficient laborers. Few well-prepared and capable workers are idle even in these hard times. Those who think to save time by skipping the necessary discipline and drill and rushing into their work with little instruction or practice are but laying the foundation for a lifelong disappointment.

HOSPITALITY is one of the best virtues—hospitality in its best sense—not a display, not an effort to appear better than one's neighbors. Have no struggle to do what you cannot do well, but, in accordance with your means of living, welcome your friends to your table and to your fireside. The better fare you can give them justly the pleasanter for you and for them; but, above all, let there be a warm welcome to whatever you can command. A cheerful fire is a welcome in itself.

THERE are two courses to be taken with the young—first, if you know what you are talking about, say what you know, though the subject may not be suited to them; if you do not know, say so. This will have the effect of dealing fairly with your own conscience and respectfully with that of the child, together with preventing your being put in that disagreeable position of being considered a cyclopædia of information that can never be in the wrong.

A HABIT of scolding indicates a want of self discipline. The machinery has got from under our hands, and has fallen to grating and destroying itself under the friction and perplexities of life. "Possess thyself" is a more important rule than "Know thyself." Without this primary virtue, we are not in a condition to receive much good ourselves or to afford aid to others.

ALWAYS man needs woman for his friend. He needs her clearer vision, her subtler insight, her softer thought, her winged soul, her pure and tender heart. Always woman needs man to be her friend. She needs the vigor of his purpose, the ardor of his will, his calmer judgment, his braver force of action, his reverence and his devotion.

NOTHING more powerfully argues a life beyond this than the failure of ideals here. Earth gives only fragments of humanity, fragments of heart, fragments of mind, fragments of charity, love and virtue, and, instead of being a world, is only a handful of seeds out of which a full-blown world might grow, but has not yet grown.

WORK resolutely for some great purpose in life; make up your mind to that, and then never relinquish it. But remember the infirmities of your own nature, to guard against them. Remember that hours of despondency will come, and days from which the light will seem to be utterly shut out.

MEN of high or mean birth may be possessed of good qualities; but, if they fall into bad company, they become vicious. Rivers flow with sweet waters; but, having joined the ocean, they become undrinkable.

NOBODY talks much who does not say unwise things—things that he did not mean to say—as no person plays much without striking a false note sometimes.

IT is well to remember that the man who is able to fight his own battles in the world is not always able to stand a victory.

THE love of society is natural, but the choice of our company is a matter of virtue and prudence.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

S. G.—It is deemed probable that there is around the South Pole a land area of about 4,000,000 square miles.

N. C. Y.—Books devoted to the raising of poultry, cage-birds and pet animals, can be obtained of any good bookseller throughout the country.

C. M. N.—It is neither proper nor advisable for a lady to exchange photographs with one of the opposite sex, unless he is a very intimate friend or her prospective husband.

T. A. E.—Foods containing starch and sugar are credited with a tendency to produce fat on those who indulge heartily in their use. Water, if drank in large quantities, is also fattening.

L. T.—A raw egg beaten up with sugar and taken before breakfast is good to clear the voice, so also is lemon juice and sugar. For your swelling eyelids bathe them three times a day in salt water.

SANDY.—William Wallace, the famous Scottish patriot, was executed August 23, 1305, having been betrayed into the hands of the English by some of his own countrymen. The alleged crime for which he suffered death was treason.

C. D.—Enlarged joints and bunions may be considerably reduced by the application of tincture of iodine to them. It should be used at least two or three times a day, and in liberal quantities. The best vehicle for its application is a soft camel's-hair brush.

J. W. M.—As a rule it is better for a man to marry one younger than himself. Still there have been many happy marriages where the reverse was the case, and as the difference is so very small in the instance you mention we do not think it ought to count. The whole subject is one, however, that you should consider well and settle for yourself. A woman doesn't necessarily age quicker than a man, and in very few cases does she know as much of the world.

E. PALEER.—We do not question the veracity of certain gentlemen who say they have seen shorthand written at two hundred and twenty seven and two hundred and forty words a minute, but we do question the value of the test. A single minute's reading is of course no test, as a practised reporter would carry half a minute's reading in his mind. The writing of familiar sentences is no test. Our experience of writers of Pitman's shorthand has been very satisfactory; our experience of writers of other systems has been very discouraging. We do not say you cannot write as well as any Pitmanite, but we are quite convinced that the average of efficiency in other systems is much lower than the Pitman average.

POST.—Genuine good breeding is simply a general walk in life which always avoids giving unnecessary pain, which sinks itself, and which is uniformly kind to all people. A factory girl in this sense may be, and often is, as well bred as a princess. The very height of good breeding is to be able to behave one's self properly, and there are millions of hard-working matrons and maidens who can do that, and much more than that. The flowers and the fun, the frolics and the fairy-like abundance of enjoyment which wealth can purchase, are often, it may seem, unequally divided. But good breeding, the art of always being frank and yet dignified, of patient self-control, of thought for others, of kindness to all, is as general as the gift of a heart. A duchess, in the best sense of the term, is no more well-bred than a milkmaid, if the latter has a gentle mind and disposition.

MAMIE.—We doubt whether his attention and his approaches towards an understanding with you will ensure you against hearing that he has become engaged to some one else. He may dismiss your association together as being no more than a very mild flirtation, mutually pleasant. Some men think very lightly of such passages, forgetting that girls who are not flirts are apt to treasure the memory of such scenes, to hope more than is warranted, and to grow unhappy and be deceived where no deception was intended. Of course your cousin's action is open to a very different construction. His rather unwise attentions may be the irrepressible manifestations of a genuine love which will cause him to ask you to be his wife. It all depends upon his temperament and his view of life. We, like yourself, are in doubt; but we think that the majority of men would be quite likely to act as he has acted, and to think no more about it, or only remember it as a sort of luxury in mild flirtation.

E. S. T.—Mendoza, Grand Cardinal of Spain, after Ferdinand and Isabella had honored Columbus on his return from his first voyage, invited him to a feast, and by giving the discoverer the honored seat at the table, offended the dignity of some of the courtiers present. One of these asked Columbus, in a flippant manner, whether he thought that, in case he had not discovered the Indies (which it was believed he had found), there were not men in Spain who would have been equal to the enterprise. The great admiral immediately took an egg that was before him, and asked the courtiers to make it stand on one of its ends. Of course he failed, as did all the others who made the attempt. Columbus then shook it well and stood it on an end, and so solved the problem. "Any one could do that!" said the courtier. "After I have shown the way," was the calm reply of the admiral. "Gentlemen," he continued, "after I have shown a new way to India, nothing is easier than to follow."

QUESTIONS.

BY RITA.

Before I answer thee to-night
  Or link my fate with thine,
Before that gold ring sparkles bright
  Upon this hand of mine,
Before I break all meaner ties,
  All slighter bonds for thee,
Look in thy heart with earnest eyes
  And question it for me.

Have I in all thy dreams a part,
  In all thy thoughts a share?
Is there a grief within thy heart
  I may not with thee bear,
A hope I cannot understand,
  A need I can't fulfil?
Or are there chords some other hand
  Could better wake or still?

Or canst thou even dimly dream
  That future days might glide
O'er thee in bliss, cheered by Love's beam,
  And I not by thy side?
If thy love be so weak indeed,
  Fear not to tell me so;
Let no false mercy with thee plead
  To spare my heart the blow!

Mrs. Jeff.

BY S. U. W.

IN those days, when Montana was still a territory, such of its citizens of whose history anything was known, were usually associated with bits of biography which, whether creditable or the reverse, were certainly not commonplace. And Mrs Jeff was no exception to the general rule.

She had come to Montana three years earlier with her husband, a handsome and reckless young Kentuckian, whose many-syllabled name of Jefferson Remington was speedily reduced to Jeff by the terse informality of the prairie. He had invested a considerable sum of money in stocking a ranch some forty miles distant from Zenith City, and for a year divided his time between looking after his cattle, and playing a prominent part in various forms of the dissipation for which that precocious infant town was justly celebrated.

Of Mrs. Jeff it was acknowledged that she had beauty, and it was conjectured that she had a temper, as her husband, when at the ranch, frequented the cowboys' quarters more than the cabin occupied by his family: a conjecture which would not have prevented her popularity in the essentially masculine community in which her beauty shone an almost solitary star, but that she manifested a reserve toward even the best class of her husband's comrades, which forced the conclusion that, whatever she found to disapprove in him, the admiration of other men possessed no charm for her. Her heart, if she had one, was held fast and firm in the baby hands of a pretty child of two.

With these details generally admitted, Zenith City had been as much startled as its well-trained nerves permitted by the tragedy which for a few days engrossed its attention. Among Jeff Remington's hard-riding, hard-drinking companions was a ne'er-do-well, whose patronymic had been lost to use in the cognomen of Gentleman Jim, which he owed rather to certain lingering refinements of manner and speech than to any higher quality associated with that title even in Montana. Urged thereto by his familiar demons of vanity and drink, he boasted one evening of his recent success in winning Mrs. Jeff's consideration, and when confronted by her husband he renewed his boast; whereupon that young man first proved his right to the esteem of the community by shooting his wife's defamer through the lungs, and then gave fatal evidence of the desperation which had of late increasingly characterized him, by rushing through the hastily assembling crowd to throw himself into the Yellowstone River, then in its full spring violence.

Escape was quite unnecessary from a public in whose judgment his act was legally, as well as morally, justified, by the fact that Gentleman Jim had also emptied a pistol; and the motives for his suicide were decided by his acquaintances according to their various points of view, when, a day or two later, his barely recognizable body was found on a bit of rocky bank, where the torrent had dashed it in rushing around a sharp curve. So far the story had not been an uncommon one. Its individuality was stamped upon it by the dying statement of Gentleman Jim, influenced either by the priest in whose arms, he died, or by some hitherto unsuspected qualification for the title he bore. Mrs. Jeff was innocent. His accusation a drunken lie.

Whether she had mourned her husband's tragic death deeply, or not at all, nobody knew, except perhaps an old colored woman whom she had brought brought with her from Kentucky. Certain it was that grief had not diminished the roundness of her superb figure, nor caused to fade the color in her cheek, and it would have required a more delicate observer than her surroundings could produce to notice a harder tone in a clear voice, or a colder brilliance in two steel gray eyes.

What interested —— County more than her possible regret, was her pluck in deciding to remain at the ranch, especially as every month of her administration proved her fitness for the position, and the probability that, if her success continued, the richest ranchman in that part of Montana would be a woman.

Before two years of her widowhood had elapsed she had almost as many suitors as Penelope, with whom, however, she was far more peremptory than that temporising person. One marriage should be sufficent for any woman was her invariable reply, given with a manner whose composure reflected neither praise nor blame upon her experience, and which left an effective conviction of its fixedness.

But many as were the wounds she inflicted upon the vanity of —— County, there was no further rumor of any such story as Gentleman Jim had told: a fact not so much reflecting honor on their superiority to gossip, as proving—Hamlet to the contrary—that a woman's reputation can be self maintained above the most daring flight of calumny.

There were many among her neighbors—as neighbors are counted on the prairie—who ascribed Mrs. Jeff's success in raising and disposing of her cattle to her manager, an old Scotchman named Saunders, who with his wife had been at the ranch since Jeff Remington's death. But there were few who doubted her assertion that the object for which she lived, was the realization of money enough to enable her to return to the region of schools and civilized society, before her child should arrive at an age to require them. And a sincere if grudging respect was associated more and more with the name of the woman who was erecting a solid structure from the ruin of a fortune and a life which her husband had left to her.

Mrs. Jeff's baby was almost as familiar a presence about the ranch as Mrs. Jeff's self, for she shared all the shorter fair-weather rides, enthroned upon her mother's knee; Mrs. Jeff being so splendid a horsewoman, that the small burthen was no incumbrance, while her mind was free from any reserved thought as to possible baby escapades, and could concentrate itself in all its keenness upon whatever business required her attention.

On a certain chill November evening there was a pretty picture in Mrs. Jeff's small sitting room. Mammy, the old darky, had built a huge fire in the open chimney to welcome the return of her mistress from a forty mile ride to a cowboy hut, upon which she and Saunders had set forth that morning.

The room was very plain, walled and ceiled with wood, and with few signs of feminine presence, for its owner was not given either to fancy-work, or to that labor of infinite patience in Montana, the cultivation of flowers. But upon a bearskin rug before the fire Mrs Jeff lay at full length, wrapped in a scarlet dressing-gown, with her magnificent black hair hanging loose upon her shoulders, and in her arms laughing, chattering, kissing, was her baby; a fair pink and white creature of four, who had not a trace of likeness to herself, but who was, as Mammy, in moments of melancholy retrospect, confided to Mrs. Saunders, "de bery moral of Massa Jeff."

Mrs. Jeff was very tired, but it was not fatigue which softened her brilliant eyes and lowered her clear voice. Mrs Jeff, in all her twenty-eight years of life, had loved only two people, and this small being, whom she clasped so close, was the one who had not betrayed her.

There was a knock on the door, and, with the child in her arms, she rose to her knees, calling briskly "Come in!" For, though there was not much ceremony at the ranch, she knew it could only be Mammy or one of the Saunders.

Old Saunders it was: a big-boned, canny-looking Scotchman. But just behind him appeared the tall figure and dark head of a stranger.

"Beg pardon, Mrs. Jeff!" Saunders said, as she rose rather irately to her feet. "I know you always like business settled at once, and it seems that this young man has been waiting here the most of the day, to hear whether you will take him for one of the extra hands we asked for in Zenith City last week?"

"You may come in!" Mrs. Jeff said, with that manner of liege lady to vassal, which she knew how to assume upon occasion with the rough men whose vigorous master she was.

Thus permitted to enter, the stranger stepped into the fire-lit room, a tall, well-built, swarthy young man, with a decided limp, and blue spectacles.

At no time was it was a light ordeal to meet the steady gaze of Mrs. Jeff's bright eyes, and it seemed to Saunders that he had never seen her look at even a hardened offender so sternly before. Whether it was the power of that look over a guilty conscience, or simply the effect of the glowing warmth of the room upon a chilled and exhausted body, the newcomer, after an instant's visible effort to maintain an unmoved demeanor, swayed forward so helplessly that, but for the amazed grip of Saunders, he would have fallen.

"Lord ha' mussy, Massa Saunders, why you done bring a drunken man in to Miss Jeff!" cried Mammy, who entered at that moment.

"If you are going to faint, lad, you will be better outside!" Saunders exclaimed, with more impatience than sympathy, as he tried to propel the weight upon his arm toward the door. But the stranger drew himself upright.

"I am not drunk! I shall not faint!" he said, in a thick halting voice, which increased Mammy's suspicions, in spite of the collectedness of his words. "I have been ill; and I have had a long ride, and no food since morning. Will you show—this lady—my recommendation?"

"An uncommon good one it is for this country, where nobody seems to care whether his next neighbor has been an honest man or a knave up to date!" Saunders said, approaching Mrs. Jeff with an open letter. "He has been all summer on a ranch in —— County, and before that—"

"Before that I was at the mines in Idaho," the young man continued, as Saunders glanced down at the letter for information. "My name is Hope!" he ended with an indescribable inflection in his hoarse voice, that oddly thrilled the middle aged nerves of Saunders.

"That is a Scotch name, lad!" he exclaimed, *with a kindly smile—thus* accounting to himself for an otherwise reasonless emotion.

"It is a name which I desire him to change if he enters my employ. I do not like names with meanings," Mrs. Jeff said, addressing Saunders in her usual decided tone. During the past moment or two she had turned her eyes from the stranger, busying herself with the baby, who had flung both arms about her throat, in what was a manifest pretence of shyness, for she was never afraid of anything masculine, her brief experience having taught her that "man" and "slave" were synonymous.

"This recommendation reads just right for what we want, Mrs. Jeff," Saunders began, hesitating between his usual unquestioning allegiance, and the revolt of his common sense at her foolish and impossible demand. "But a man don't like to change his name, even to please a lady."

"I will be called whatever the lady wishes!" the young man interrupted hurriedly. "I—I am most anxious for work—I——"

"If you are satisfied, Saunders, you may engage him; I leave the matter entirely to you," Mrs. Jeff said, turning away. "Good night."

Thus abruptly dismissed, the two men left the room, and she sank down on the nearest chair.

"Bolt the door, Mammy!" she gasped breathlessly. "Run away, baby! Mammy, hold me!—hold me!—I don't want to die!"

And as the frightened old woman sprang to her side she fainted away for the first time in her vigorous young life.

* * * * * * *

It was a busy season at the ranch, and the new cowboy, who expressed his willingness to be called by the certainly meaningless name of Jones, amply proved that he was worthy of his credentials. His lameness interfered in no way with his work, which required him to be constantly on horseback. It was the result of the ignorant setting of a broken leg, he replied to an inquiry from Saunders. As for the blue spectacles, they were a matter more of convenience than of necessity, as the glare of light between a cloudless sky and a snow covered prairie was unpleasant to him, though there was nothing wrong with his sight.

As the winter progressed, rough weather overtook them, and Mrs. Jeff, who was less in the saddle, found herself hearing his praises very often from her manager, who declared that for endurance of cold and fatigue, for pluck in subduing a refractory beast, or keenness in hunting a stray one, there was not a cowboy on the place the equal of Jones.

"And though he don't put on any airs, but just takes his lot with the others, I believe he is a cut above them, Mrs. Jeff," he continued confidentially. "Montana is full of such histories and mysteries, and it is my opinion the lad is a gentleman, who has got into trouble somewhere, and is trying to live it down.

"If he is going to make you romantic and imaginative, my good friend, I shall send him away," Mrs. Jeff said, with a smile that was as cold and bright as the winter sunlight. "They are qualities in which I have lost any confidence I may once have felt for them."

There was another person at the ranch besides Saunders whom interest Jones quickly and lastingly awakened—the smallest but most important of its inhabitants. The baby was a well-known and rapturously received visitor in the big log cabin where the cowboys were lodged. She liked them all, and was was afraid of none of them, though, thorough miniature queen that she was, her favoritisms were as fickle as imperious. But, from the first week after the arrival of Jones, her wavering fancy remained fixed.

"An' no wonder, Miss Jeff," Mammy reported to her mistress, who was rarely seen in the cowboys' quarters. "He is a dumb kind of critter wid de rest of us, but he do have ways dat would charm a bird off a tree wid dat chile! He is most as black as a nigger, an' he limps like a frosted-toed duck, but I seen him smile at baby in a way dat put me in mind of poor Massa Jeff, when times was sunshiny wid him!" cried Mammy, who was the only person of Mrs. Jeff's surroundings, except the baby, who was not afraid of her. Nor did she make any reply, though "Massa Jeff" was a long since forbidden subject. Only, taking up her child in her arms, she began to kiss, with the tender detail that mothers know, as well as lovers, every feature of the fair face, which was cheerfully upheld for this familiar performance.

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The five months of winter dragged themselves out, and in April, rough and bleak though the weather was, Mrs Jeff began to be in the saddle again from dawn until night. One afternoon, however, she returned from an expedition which it was expected would have detained her several hours longer, and riding softly across the snow-sodden earth, she stopped noiselessly at the foot of the steps which led to a verandah before her cabin door.

With as strange a look as ever woman's face wore, she sat a moment watching a group on the top step, upon whom the fitful spring sunshine lay warm and bright—a man and a child, both equally sound asleep—baby's golden hair on his shoulder, and his drooping dark head almost touching it.

She slipped from her saddle, and throwing her horse's bridle around a post, she bent over the man and child, while, the color faded from her face, and her gray eyes darkened passionately. The child's little half-open hand held the man's blue spectacles, and the long lashes, which lay so heavily on his swarthy cheek, were as fair as baby's. Lower and lower Mrs Jeff leant, but neither stirred. Baby had a talent for sleeping, and the tired man had, she knew, been on horseback all night in pursuit of strayed cattle. Her quivering lips touched the dark, bent head.

"I love you—I love you!" she murmured breathlessly. "But I will never forgive you—never!—though it breaks my heart!"

Then she drew herself upright, and walked swiftly into the cabin.

"Mammy," she said sharply, "go and bring baby in. It is most careless of you to let her sleep out of doors while the weather is so uncertain."

* * * * * * *

With the return of spring, relations were resumed between the ranch and the outer world. Expeditions to Zenith City grew numerous, and visitors upon business or pleasure arrived across the wind-swept prairie. Among the earliest and most frequent was a young ranchman of the name of Granger, who had been much charmed in the preceding autumn, both by Mrs. Jeff's beauty and dignity, and by the keen penetration she manifested as to her best interests in a chance business encounter.

The winter storms and the necessities of his affairs had presented him from giving proof of his admiration, but April was not

over before it became evident to the dullest observer at the ranch that Mrs. Jeff had another suitor, and one who possessed every claim which good breeding, good means, and good reputation could give toward winning a sensible, ambitious woman who must realize the advantages such a marriage would bestow, certainly upon herself, and probably upon her child.

Among her dependents there was considerable conjecture as to the result, though conjecture given in more conventional language than might have been expected from the conversational freedom usual to the speakers, for the respect which Mrs. Jeff knew how to extort was of the kind which maintained its influence beyond her presence. Wagers were, however, taken on Granger's prospects of success, with heavy odds in his favor, though there were some remembered her inflexibility with former suitors, and predicted a similar termination.

Among the doubters, the most positive, though the least diffuse, was Jones. Indeed, so roughly, as well as soothly, was his opinion expressed, that his comrades, being peaceably inclined, did not continue to press him for his reasons, contenting themselves, when he left them, by derisive remarks to the effect that the quietest chaps were always the cheekiest; but that a penniless fellow, whose good looks were spoiled by a limp and blue goggles, should aspire to the handsomest and richest woman in —— County, and one who treated all the men in her employ from a distinctly higher level—such cheek as that——. It is to be feared the mildest comparison used was "a brass monkey!"

Supper had just come to an end in the cowboys' quarters, and Jones strolled out into the darkness, trying to light his short pipe, with fingers which trembled so helplessly that he presently put it back in his pocket.

It was such weather as in the north west often follows the first break-up of winter, when a stray evening early in May can be as hot as July, though sandwiched between two nights which are blustering reminiscences of March. The air was sultry, and along the horizon heavy masses of clouds were rent every now and then by a jagged flame.

Through the open window of Mrs. Jeff's sitting room a broad beam of light fell across the narrow verandah, where two people were slowly pacing—talking the while in low voices, but not so low as to prevent the man, who crept close in the shadows, from overhearing such sentences as they uttered when they approached the end of the verandah beside which he stood.

"I will promise you anything for your child! You shall deed everything to her before our marriage!" Granger was saying, with an intensity of eagerness which lost nothing from the suppression forced upon him by the fact that just within the open window old Saunders placidly knitted. "I am not a boy to talk romantic nonsense. And you must have had enough of that before."

"I have!" said Mrs. Jeff.

Two words—but with as much bitterness and disillusionment compressed into the cold short syllables, as most women would have put into a torrent of self-lamentation.

"Your husband was—was——" Granger stammered. A mistake would be awkward with such a woman. And he suddenly remembered that Jeff Remington had been handsome and likeable as well as worthless.

"What my husband was, has nothing to do with the question of my second marriage. I do not intend to give any one authority over my child."

"But if I surrender——?"

They passed down the verandah, and when they returned, Granger was pouring forth an exposition of his plan of life, and of the part that he meant her to fill in it—not unelequently describing the role that would most tempt an energetic and ambitious woman who had outlived more love dreams. Montana was the land of the future —— County, the most prosperous of its counties, and he and she two of its most influential citizens. To what eminence not only of local, but of national importance might they not rise by combining their talents and possessions? Territorial office he could have at once; so soon as Montana became a State, he should try for Congress. And what a field Washington would be for her beauty, and her skill in accomplishing her purposes! Perhaps in time the Cabinet for him, while for her and her child——

They went away down the verandah again, and paused there talking until somebody led forward Granger's horse, which had been ordered for that hour.

"No hurry!" he called lightly; but Mrs. Jeff said with sedate decision:

"You must go at once! Even as it is you will be obliged to ride fast to get to Robinson's ranch before the storm overtakes you."

It probably occurred to Granger that prairie hospitality suggested that she should offer him the shelter of her roof under such circumstances, but he made his adieux as cordially as her haste permitted, and rode away with a rapidity which doubtless relieved some natural vexation.

Mrs. Jeff stood, tall and straight and motionless, in the full light from the sitting room window.

"Belle!" murmured a voice out of the darkness—a voice in whose passionate tremor she heard the echo of her youth; aye! and of that which had survived her youth, and would survive for ever!

She moved swiftly down the steps to meet him.

"At last you have decided to speak!" she said.

"You knew me!"

"I loved you once! It is another proof of what your love was like, that you thought any disguise could hide you from me!"

There are moments in life when human nature becomes helplessly dramatic, even in this self conscious fin de siecle; and as she spoke, he sank on his knees before her, grasping at her dress with shaking hands.

"I loved you then! I love you now! Forgive me! Love me again, my wife!"

"We will leave your declaration for the present," she said, in a tone that was as cold as it was low. "If you will stand, we will discuss your request. I do not choose to be found by any chance passer, with Jones the cowboy kneeling before me."

"I am not Jones now! I am your husband!" he gasped, springing to his feet.

"You are Jefferson Remington again; but my husband ceased to exist when he deserted me."

"If you think——" he began vehemently.

"What I think is outside the question. It is enough to consider what I know. Five years ago you married me. You and my guardian disagreed about the investment of my little money; and I quarrelled with every friend I had because they blamed you. We came here together. It was my wifely duty. I am not boasting. But a husband has his duty also. By chance I found letters which, during the whole year of our marriage, you had been receiving from the woman who was my enemy; who had tried to separate us; who ——" Breath and voice failed her, as though the tempest of remembered anguish which swept over her had been a hurricane with which she struggled physically.

"There was no truth in what you believed! There was folly! there was——"

"There was deceit, and deceit kills love. My love died."

"Let it live again! Belle! Belle!" he whispered, stretching out his arms to her.

"Why should it live again? Because, when I reproached you, you turned from me to the cards and drink which I had been warned to dread in you? Because when, for my child's sake, I endured to live here neglected—the object of your comrades' insulting flatteries——?"

"I believed that you despised me; that I had lost you——"

"And at last you dared to believe that I could console myself with a shameful—" She broke off for an instant. "you listened to a lie—that, if you had understood me, you would have known was a lie. And having killed the man who uttered it, you tried to kill yourself, leaving all the world witness that you had believed me capable of such baseness. If that other had not repented of his lie, your wife, the mother of your child, would go through life branded as—as—as——" The word was impossible to her utterance; she put her hand to her throat as though it strangled her.

"I was mad that day, and for weeks after. For months I was not able to move from the cabin where I had been sheltered."

"And then you went away to years of silence, of deception, leaving me."

"Oh, my God! When I came to my senses and knew how I had wronged you, it seemed to me that leaving you was all I could do to atone; but I hoped again, or I should have killed myself. I went to the mines; it was too far from you. I came to a ranch in the next county, and I heard that there were men about you who wished to—to—— And my love has not died, though yours—" His voice ceased abruptly as she laughed.

"I am to believe that it was love that brought you back in disguise to watch me? Not the hope that you might discover something against me, which, after enduring a few formalities from the easy justice of Montana, would allow Jeff Remington, man-slayer, wife-deserter though he is, to enjoy his wife's earnings, without the burthen of his wife's society."

There was a moment's silence between them, through which sighed and shivered the coming storm.

"A generous woman would have believed in a repentance that was too humble to claim, that yearned dumbly for a chance to prove. Go in!" he interrupted himself roughly. "You cannot abase me more if we talk all night. And I mean to leave you this time with the wrong on your side."

"You shall not go yet! There is the money to be considered. I will not keep what is yours when I——"

"Damnation!" he muttered, coming close to her. A sharp gust of wind blew a loose tress of her hair across his face, he caught it, and kissed it madly.

"I will have nothing, nothing!" he gasped, and limped away into the storm.

* * * * * * *

That Mrs. Jeff spent the long hours of that night pacing the room where her baby slept, with a fiercer storm in her soul than that which shrieked over the prairie, made no reason to this woman, who was resolved to stand alone in her strength, that she should neglect her day's work. Nor did she shrink from it when Saunders announced that Jones was missing.

"And a somefear night it was, even for so canny a lad as he to be out on those shelterless prairies," he said portentously.

"Nonsense, he is used to roughing it. He will come back safe enough!" Mrs. Jeff exclaimed, with a curious strained sound in her clear voice. "Saunders, I want a long ride, and a hard one, to-day."

It was a wish always easy to gratify in Montana, and especially so on that morning, when the weather, which had brightened for some hours, darkened again into a chilly windy rain which made the homeward ride hard enough to engross Mrs. Jeff's attention—vague and absent-minded as Saunders had found her for the first time in his experience.

The storm had passed once more before they came in sight of the ranch, and a pale sunshine was peeping between ragged edges of cloud in the west.

"I am doubting we shall not have it fine to-morrow!" Saunders said faithlessly regarding the attempt at clearing.

Mrs. Jeff did not heed him—she was gazing with frowning brows and compressed lips at several figures which were grouped before her cabin.

"Something has happened!" she exclaimed hurriedly; and with her spur she urged the tired horse to full speed.

The group drew apart as she approached, and silence fell upon the several speakers.

"Where is he?" Mrs. Jeff asked harshly.

Then as they stared at her, wordless, between surprise and compassion, Mammy rose up from the verandah steps, where she had been sitting, with her apron over her head.

"I never done let her out of my sight but one little half hour!" she cried, between sobs.

"Is she dead?" gasped Mrs. Jeff, remembering, with a sick pang, the baby whom, for the first time in her four years of possession, she had forgotten.

"De Lord of mussy knows! But He is de Lord of mussy an'——"

"Where is she?"

Then ensued a duet of explanation and excuse between Mammy and Mrs. Saunders, who had each believed baby to be with the other, until an hour before, chance had brought them together, and baby was found to have been unseen by either for half the morning. The men about the ranch had dispersed to search for her in such places as her small feet could be supposed to have reached, and they had returned without trace of her.

Mrs. Jeff stood stone still, listening to the tearful contradictions of the women and the clearer reports of the men, with a sudden gray look of age on her rigid face—a look which presently swept Mammy's self-exculpation away in a burst of pity.

"De Lord has His eye on her, if we hasn't!" she sobbed. "Come here an' have your cry out in your Mammy's arms, my poor Miss Belle! Your stupid old Mammy, who never thought de blessed baby meant it, when she reefted to go after Jones."

"My baby went to him?" murmured Mrs. Jeff, with a tone in the low accents that none of those listening men and women ever forgot. So strange a thrill, for which there is no fitter word than rapture, ran through its assertion of despair. "Then I shall never see her again!"

"Mrs. Jeff!" eagerly cried Saunders, "Jones ain't that kind! He will bring the lassie back if she has found him, as tenderly as if she was his own."

"She is his own! And he will keep her! I have driven them both from me!"—and then like a torrent the tears came—a torrent that shook and bowed her helplessly, so that Saunders led her unresisting into the cabin.

"He said his name was Hope an' she wouldn't hear it!" Mammy muttered, her eyes rolling until nothing but white was visible. "If I hadn't been de unbelievingest old darky, I might have seen dat de Lord can raise de dead to life jess de same heah in Montana, as he used to down in Judea! De——"

She broke off at the sound of a laugh—clear, sweet, and merry—the laugh of a child, which stilled Mrs. Jeff's sobs as suddenly as Mammy's eloquence.

"Jones brought baby back to mamma, and he not let rain wet baby one drop!"

In the doorway they stood—baby's fair little face peeping above the rough coat in which she was wrapped from chin to heel, making strange contrast to the figure of storm-drenched exhaustion to whom she clung so confidently; a figure from whose haggard face, rain-washed of half its swarthy tints, two eyes, as blue as baby's own, looked at the excited group before him, with the blank gaze of a sleep-walker.

He moved swiftly forward, and laid her on Mrs. Jeff's knees.

"She came to me in the cotton-wood grove by the river, where I had carried her last week," he said mechanically, and turned away, as though he did not see the passion of tears and kisses with which the mother received her child.

But before he had reached the door she was beside him.

"Jeff! Stay!"

He put out a trembling uncertain hand toward the door, without looking at her.

"Why should I stay?" he murmured vaguely.

"For our child! You have brought her back to me—to me who would have kept her from you if——"

"For our child!" he repeated almost inaudibly. "You should have said that last night. Nothing hurts much to-day!"

He made a step away from her, but she sprang before him; she caught both his cold hands in hers.

"Stay for me! Oh, Jeff, my husband, let us forgive each other!"

Slowly he lifted his weary eyes and saw—not the Mrs. Jeff whom Montana knew, and who had been sufficient to herself in the strength of her resentment—but the wife who had followed her love wherever he led in the days when she believed in him.

For one long moment he looked at her while the light came again to his eyes, and then his head sank on her shoulder.

Her Elizabeth.

BY A. G. R.

WHEN John Pasmore had asked Elizabeth Coker to be his wife she had been the fairest blossom of girlhood in the parish of Trusham, only seventeen, upright and stately as a madonna lily, and sweet and blooming as the monthly roses that are such "long biders," as they say in Devon. But nearly thirty years had passed since then, and the match had never come off. They had been in no hurry to marry, for John, a miller by trade, had his mother to support; whilst Elizabeth's mother having died shortly after she had become engaged, she had been left with a flock of young brothers and sister to look after, and the hundred and one matters that go to make a farmhouse busy. Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of a small farmer had taken up her burden cheerfully, and so it came to pass that her brothers went out into the world to do for themselves, and her sisters married, whilst she was left at home.

John Pasmore lived about a mile from Trusham village, in a quaint old house, situated in a lovely nook of the beautiful Teign valley. The Teign, clear and sparkling here, turned the mill wheel, as it had done during the lifetimes of generations of Pasmores; but now trade was bad, more elaborate machinery was coming into vogue, and the present Pasmore did not flourish. He was always an easy-going man, one who would never push his way in the world, but would be perfectly satis-

fied with what Fortune doled out to him.

Twice a week he climbed the steep hill that led to the village, and dropped in to supper to the farm, lingering to smoke a pipe with the farmer, whilst Elizabeth sat close by, and stitched at her needlework. As the years passed on the sweethearts grew less demonstrative in their affection. They rarely spoke of marriage. It was understood they must wait till John Pasmore's mother was dead, and Elizabeth, satisfied that John's heart was true to her, was content it should be so. If time had taken the first glad freshness from their mutual love, her heart still beat the quicker at the sound of his step. She used to accompany him as far as the churchyard on his way home after his visits to the farm, and there among the graves they would linger, till, with a hearty kiss and his cheery "Wull, gude night, my gurl," they would part at last.

This had been going on for nearly thirty years, when John's mother died. Now, thought every one, the long deferred wedding will take place. Every one was mistaken. John still continued his visits to the farm, but lately Elizabeth fancied him altered. His blue eyes met hers uneasily, and when she found he spoke no word of marriage, her woman's pride arose in arms, and the heart that had trusted and hoped so long and faithfully, began to doubt. She came to an understanding with him in a very few words, one Sunday, after evensong, when they lingered as usual in the churchyard.

"Jan," she said abruptly, "us hev kept company nigh 'pon thirty year."

"Ees, nigh 'pon thirty year," he repeated. "Times hev bin mortal bad, Elizabeth, an' there was power mawther."

It seemed as though he was trying to make excuses for those past years. Tears rose to her eyes, and for a minute dimmed her sight; then she laid her strong, brown hand on his arm, and looked bravely into his face.

"I knaw," she said quietly, "but maybe us was at vault tew wait, I dunno——"

There was a vision before her eyes of what might have been. Would it not have been better for him if they had married years ago? What might they not have done together? It was too late to think of that now.

"Us baint young now, Jan," she continued sadly, "an' so us'll bide as us be."

She had spoken with an effort, hoping that she might be mistaken in thinking his love was changed, but at his answer the faint hope perished.

"Do-e mean it, my gurl?" in tones half of regret, half of relief.

She knew then she was his "gurl" no longer; something had come between his heart and hers. She could only nod an assent, and turn her face away that he might not see her pain.

"Wull, w'at must be must," he remarked philosophically; "but arter thirty year, 'tis sudden!"

He doubtless meant the breaking of their engagement. Elizabeth sat down on an old flat tombstone, her eyes fixed on the ground, where primroses and white violets were growing over the resting-places of the dead. Idly she stooped and picked a handful of the sweet blossoms, and ever after their scent came to her with a feeling of acute pain and loss. There was a long silence, broken at last by the man.

"Ye'll lemme zee-e 'ome, Elizabeth?"

She looked up at him steadily, and he turned his eyes from the face he had once thought so fair with a sense of shame.

"Naw, thank-e, us'll zay gude night, Jan."

He looked regretful and sad, and yet, she saw, not sorry. She was cold and calm.

"Gude night, Elizabeth."

"Gude night, Jan."

And so they parted.

The little village was amazed, and at first incredulous when it heard the news of the broken engagement, but unbelief was impossible when very shortly John Pasmore brought home a wife from Exeter. The first Sunday the newly married couple appeared at church, Elizabeth, looking at the young bride, understood everything. It was this girl, with her pretty doll's face and showy attire, who had stolen her love from her. "A fine sot up shop gurl; 'air like a fuz bush, an' faked up like a teddy, which her a'nt," was the verdict of Trusham.

Poor John Pasmore! It was not long before the village gossips informed the young wife of his engagement to Elizabeth Coker, a fact he had foolishly kept from her knowledge. It was useless his assuring her he loved her better than all the world; she would not forgive him his silence; and then she had another grievance against him. She had imagined her middle-aged lover a prosperous man, and when she discovered shortly after her marriage the real state of his finances, her indignation knew no bounds.

In her dismay and disgust she heaped reproaches and taunts upon him, till the unhappy man, who now saw his wife as she really was, vain, selfish, and heartless, answered her with angry oaths. He grew to look gray and old in these days. All the village knew that he and his wife were a wretched, ill-matched couple. John Pasmore had made "a jakes o't," every one agreed.

The following autumn was a singularly unhealthy time. Typhoid fever raged in Trusham, for beautifully situated as the little village was and swept by the fresh Dartmoor breezes, it was in a most unsanitary condition. Elizabeth Coker was a born nurse, and her services were continually in request. She was one of those whose very touch is healing; there was strength and gentleness in her capable hands, comfort and hope in the tones of her cheerful voice. Her face, with its fresh, bright coloring and clear brown eyes, was comely still, her step firm and elastic as in her youth. If she grieved over the loss of her lover, her little world never knew how much, for she neglected none of her home duties, and her nature was too true to become soured.

As the autumn days grew cooler and fever abated in the village, but not before several new mounds had been added to the churchyard. There had been no fresh case for weeks, when it became known that John Pasmore was stricken down with the disease, and that his wife had deserted him. The monotony of her life at the mill, and the knowledge that her marriage was one huge blunder, had driven her to desperation, and she was gone—but not alone.

There were whispers of stolen meetings in the woods with a gentleman who had lodged at a neighboring farmhouse, ostensibly for the purpose of fishing in the Teign, and somehow it became known that he and John Pasmore's young wife had not met as strangers, and conclusions were drawn which proved all too true. The guilty couple had gone away together, whilst the wretched husband lay in the first stage of the fever, almost prostrate, as much from the knowledge of the shame and dishonor that had come to him as from disease. Then followed days when in his delirium the unhappy man raved for his wife, when, in his furious rage against her, he cursed the day he had first looked on her false face; but later on, weakened in body and mind, a softer mood came over him, and he wept bitterly.

Elizabeth heard the story of her old sweetheart's illness, and his wife's desertion, and her heart sorrowed for him. She longed to go and nurse and comfort him, if only for old sake's sake, yet she shrank sensitively from the step, knowing how all the village would talk. But when the news was brought to her that he was dying, she hesitated no longer.

It was a fine October afternoon when Elizabeth, with a firm, quick step, descended Trusham hill. The beautiful valley of the Teign lay stretched before her in all the rich glory of autumnal coloring, sheltered on either side by lofty hills.

Her eyes took in every detail. She could see the Christow waterfall, white and foaming in the distance, and there below her was the old mill, which she had once thought would be her home. The mill wheel was silent now, and the firm steps faltered as they approached, the true heart beat unevenly. Was she too late? The house was very quiet, no sound broke the stillness but the ticking of the eight-day clock in the kitchen. Elizabeth crept upstairs and into the sick room, where she found an old woman watching by the invalid's side.

"Lor' a mussy!" exclaimed the nurse in astonishment, "be ye come fur tew zee 'ur die? Ur'as 'most gone, pewer chap, ur be death-strook."

Elizabeth saw that he was indeed terribly ill. How he had aged in a few months, how gray he had grown, and how lined was his face! There was a wealth of pity-ing love in her heart, as she took one of his thin hands in hers, and stood looking down upon the well-known face. He was very weak, but though his eyes were closed, he moved restlessly and murmured broken sentences. She leaned over him, and tried to catch some of the whispered words, and almost fancied she heard the sound of her own name.

"Jan," she whispered, "saw, Jan, me be ur, my——"

The weary eyes opened, and gazed at her with a look of mingled surprise and——

"My gurl," he said, "wull-e forgive me? Ur mist a tale o' me, but 'twor stri ing vault."

"I knaw, an' there's naurght fur e tew take on 'bout, Jan."

"Wull-e kiss me? Us was sweet'arts fur thirty year, Elizabeth."

She complied, and he closed his eyes with exhaustion. The end was near. She placed her strong arm under the pillow, and lifted his head. She forgot the other watcher, she remembered only that she loved him now as when he had first come courting her; and he, opening his eyes once more, and looking up into the faithful face, forgot the long years that had passed since they plighted their troth, and fancied it was Elizabeth in her beautiful youth come back to him again.

"'Tis getting dimpsey, Elizabeth," he whispered, "an' 'tis most time I went 'ouze long. Gude night, my gurl."

STRANGER THAN FICTION.—In these days of superabundant fiction, when the smaller fry among the great hosts of novelists are so often censured by critics for attempting to make their plots turn upon the barest chances and apparently impossible incidents, these aspirants for literary honors might assert with justice that no greater improbabilities are ever forthcoming than those furnished by literal fact. For instance, what incident in all fiction could be more unlikely than that which is recorded by unimpeachable authority about the detection of a suspected "slaver" in the last century?

In the year 1789 the cutter Sparrow brought a brig into harbor at Kingston, Jamaica, under the suspicion that she was engaged in the slave trade. But although much circumstantial evidence pointed in that direction, no clear proof could be obtained, as the captured vessel had no papers from which the charge could be conclusively substantiated. The suspected brig was therefore discharged, but scarcely twelve hours before she was to leave the harbor, a man-of war arrived, bringing some documents which proved her guilt beyond the shadow of a doubt.

These papers had been obtained in a manner almost exceeding the bounds of probability. While cruising off St. Domingo, the man of war's crew had amused themselves by fishing for sharks. One monster was secured and cut up on deck, and inside the rapacious fish was found a bundle of ship's papers—the very documents flung overboard by the captain of the vessel when she was boarded by the Sparrow.

Curiosity prompted the captain of the man-of-war to examine the papers, and the result was that he brought them before the authorities at the nearest port. The unlucky brig was condemned on this romantically acquired evidence.

SAVED BY TWO GIRLS.—Whatever may have been the origin of the fabled mermaids, "sea girls," the real mermaids, are certainly found in the Sandwich Islands. That a strong man, much less a young woman, can be so much at home in the water as to fight and kill the fiercest native of that element on its own battle-ground seems incredible, but a recent traveler in the Islands tells the following story as an experience of his own:

I prepared myself, and plunged in. After I had been in the water for half an hour, I pushed out over and beyond one of the reefs which surround the islands. All at once I realized that something was going on on the shore. There were quite a number of natives there, and they appeared to be greatly excited.

Suddenly two native girls swam out behind me with long knives between their teeth. I looked round, and to my horror I saw a shark making for me with terrific speed.

An instant later the girls had dived, and the shark had nearly stopped. The water around him was red with blood. The girls came to the surface again, and again they dived and plunged their long knives into the monster. At last he lay still on the top of the wave, quite dead. The natives dragged him ashore, and found that he was one of the largest of his species.

But for the wonderful bravery of these girls I should not be here to-night to tell you this story.

There has never been anything discovered that will equal Beckwith's Electric Oil for all external pains. It instantly [illegible] as an [illegible] Our word we can say it is a pleasure to use it. Ask your grocer for it.

At Home and Abroad.

Only one fourth of the American shipping is engaged on the high seas, 77 per cent being river, lake, and coasting trade.

It was noted as a curious fact by the late Sir Samuel Baker that a negro has never been known to tame an elephant or any wild animal. A person might travel all over Africa and never see a wild creature trained and petted. It often struck Sir Samuel that the little negro children never had a pet animal.

An unique exhibit at the Cotton States and International Exposition will be a model jail. It will show all the latest improvements in prison construction, and will present for inspection a jail complete in sanitary equipment and absolutely safe. A prisoner incarcerated within its iron cages will be absolutely protected from without, and will find it impossible to escape, even if allowed to work for liberty with the most improved jail-breaking tools.

A notable example of a big result produced by small means is found in the fact that lead pencil users have whittled away several big forests of cedar trees in Europe and the supply of wood suitable for lead pencils is practically exhausted in the Old World. An order has just been placed by a noted German firm of pencil makers with a California lumber company for a large quantity of sequoia wood, which is found to be the best wood now available for pencils. The sequoia is the big tree of California. It seems too bad that the grand old giants should be sacrificed, and especially that their end should be lead pencil shavings.

A new church edifice in course of erection in New York city is having its walls framed in steel, after the fashion of many business buildings. It is a new departure in church architecture, which, above all other types, has inclined to follow conservative, mediæval lines. Yet there is no reason, artistic or otherwise, why structural steel should not have its place in a church as well as in any other building demanding solidity; and now that New York has actually laid aside the conventional ideas regarding church construction, the example will doubtless be widely followed in other sections of the country.

At the election in Mount Vernon, N. Y., a week or two since the new Myers ballot machine was used for the first time; and the accounts say that it worked perfectly. It took the voters but a few seconds to vote and pass out of the booth, and by actual count fifteen votes were cast in seven minutes. As there were six tickets, it is certain that that there could have been no such expeditious work with the old blanket ballot. Speed is, of course, not the sole consideration in balloting; accuracy and security against fraud are not less essential requisites. All three merits, it would seem, are secured by the new device.

Dr. Burt G. Wilder announces it to be the province of the medical expert "to improve the human body in the direction of the elimination of that death-trap, the appendix vermiformis." There can be no doubt that this curious process in our anatomy is destined to disappear, if the testimony of man's contemporaneous evolution, aside from the Darwinian evolution, may be believed. Why should not the doctors help the stages of disappearance along? The only mammals near man which was cursed with an appendix are the four tailless anthropoid apes. Man has lost his prehensile tail of Pleadanuite existence, and it is high time that he should get rid of this dangerous little reminiscence of an inferior animal state. It is a relic, like the useless muscles of man's ears, of pre-existent utility; but its only ambition now seems to be to lie in wait for reckless souls. In some future generation babies may be "appendicized" as well as vaccinated.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease [illegible] Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is a positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a [illegible] requires a constitutional [illegible] Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, [illegible] Catarrh. One of the proprietors has so much faith in its curative powers that he offers One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Our Young Folks.

"MOSSOO": A HERO.

BY W. E.

"WHAT'S your name, young 'un?" asked Jim Jagger in a patronizing manner of the new boy, as he leaned against the gymnasium door on the first day of the term. "Speak up—I shan't bite your head off."

"I no talk much of Englaish—I am from France."

"Oh, a Frenchy, are you?" said the other, as he scanned the dark-eyed stranger rather contemptuously. "Well, I'm not much good at talking your language. Here, one of you chaps," he shouted, "fetch up that weekly boarder, young Edwards; I want him to do some parley vouleing."

"Yes, and find out if this new fellow has any cake in his locker," put in another boy suggestively. "My trunks haven't come from the station yet."

"Here, Edwards," cried the domineering Jagger, as a pale, delicate-looking little lad was thrust forward through the crowd which had collected, "air your favorite French a bit, and find out from this Mossoo chap if he will join the cricket team."

Very shyly at first Bertie Edwards began his questioning as the others stood laughing and giggling behind him. He soon recovering his composure, got the new-comer's history: how his name was Emile Le Grand, and his home in Paris till his father died, when Uncle Crabtree, who lived in England, had brought him here.

"He knows nothing about cricket," Bertie explained to his schoolmates; "has never seen it played, and——"

"Well, that settles it!" Jagger burst in. "I guessed he was a softy, for his neck is as made like a girl's bow, and his hair sticks up all over like a blacking-brush. He'll do for your chum, Edwards; you don't play games, either. A pair of softies together! Ha, ha, ha!" And off walked Jagger in scorn.

As Jagger's words carried a good deal of weight in Dale House School, it was pretty generally thought that Emile was not "up to much," as the saying goes; and for the first few days, at any rate, he was left a good deal to his own company or to that of Bertie Edwards, a studious, sensitive little lad, whose health did not permit of his joining in games of football and cricket.

"I say, you fellows," Higgins Junior cried out one afternoon, as he came running towards the cricket pitch, where practicing was going on; "you should go into the 'gym' and see that little Mossoo chap figuring about on the ropes and bars. Edwards and I have been watching him. He's a perfect acrobat. He'll take it out of you, Jagger, at the high jump," Higgins added mischievously.

"Will he? We shall see," the other exclaimed, not over-pleased at the suggestion. "It takes pluck as well as activity for that. I doubt if the little Mossoo has much of that commodity.

"Yes he has!" a small voice exclaimed rather hotly; and turning, the boys found, to their astonishment, a little champion for Emile in the shape of Bertie, whose usually pale face was now flushed crimson. "Why, his father was an awfully brave soldier.

"A fine lot you know about such things, young bookworm," the bigger boy exclaimed patronizingly. "Well, get out of the way; and, Higgins, you take a turn at bowling now."

But it was soon generally recognized that Emile stood in the gymnasium; even the old drill-sergeant complimented him; and day by day the forlorn little French boy began to make friends amongst his class mates, till an event happened which at once placed him in the position of the most popular boy in the school.

It occurred in this way.

One Saturday night, just as the supper bell had rung, a report went through the school that a large haystack or a house was on fire about two miles distant, and the blaze from it could be distinctly seen from the playground. A rush out of doors followed, and, sure enough, away across the fields a thin column of smoke, on which a lurid light was thrown every now and again, was plainly visible.

"It is in the direction of Mr. Edward's house, I am afraid!" Dr. Cruttwell exclaimed. "Dear, dear! and the——— Strengthe is Blackton, fourteen miles away. Boys, we may be of help." the kind doctor added. "Each of you get a pail or a can, and come with me over to the fire."

Nothing could have pleased the whole school better. I doubt if ever the good head master had been such a popular man as he was at that minute, when each boy, armed with anything capable of holding water that he could lay hands on, was following him to the scene of the disaster.

As the party drew near they quickly discovered that it was indeed Mr. Edward's house which was ablaze, and the idea that their schoolfellow Bertie might be in it for being a Saturday night, he was at home—added to their alarm.

"How kind of you to bring help!" Mr Edwards exclaimed, as he hurried forward and wrung the doctor's hand. "You see, the west wing is getting almost beyond us. Form in line here, boys," he called, "and pass your buckets along as quickly as possible. We have plenty of water, I am thankful to say, and it cannot surely be long now before the engines are here."

Everyone worked with a will, and it gave heart to all when they saw that at last the fire was diminishing. Then a terrible thing got whispered from one to another in the crowd. One of the children was missing, and must be somewhere in the burning building.

"I can't mean Master Bertie nowhere," a stalwart man remarked. "He sleeps in——— them top rooms, boy," he added, pointing to a floor just below the blazing part.

"Bertie!" the name caught Emile's ear.

Jagger, take you, please, my bucket," he——— to his broken English.

"Played out, are you, Mossoo? Well, I——— it over, then. Mossoo's in a regular right; he's as white as a ghost," Jagger said to the boy standing next him, as Emile disappeared from his place in the row of helpers.

The fire grew more tempted to be gaining ground, creeping and licking its way along, filling the place with the ghastly flickering glare and crackling and throwing out showers of sparks, which went floating and twinkling away and lost the curling brown smoke into the night. And now hard everybody worked, passing buckets and saving furniture, when suddenly the doubtful whisper became a terrible certainty: Bertie was missing, and the stairs leading to the west wing were now ablaze.

Just as this fact was known, a face appeared at a window on the top floor, and a cry of "There he is!" went up from those working below.

A ladder was quickly placed against the house, but, alas! it did not reach high enough to be of use, though Mr. Edwards stood on the summit with outstretched arms. Then the horror of the situation began to dawn upon everyone.

Suddenly the window was pushed open, and a boy's figure, without coat or waistcoat, was seen upon the parapet outside, with something heavy on his back.

"Mossoo! It's little Mossoo! And he's got Bertie!" a number of voices cried, as a bright blaze showed the pale but firm face of Emile perched up in the dangerous position.

Then they saw him pass down over the stonework edge, evidently trying to judge how near the ladder reached. It was seen that Mr. Edwards was telling him what to do, and everybody watched, saying to himself, "But what can he do?"

"It works all right, Bertie," Emile was saying to his friend. "Look——— you are——— easy now; I will go."

Then quickly the boy turned himself round, and with his mimsh burden holding on for dear life, lowered himself gently over the parapet towards the anxious father below. The crowd stood motionless. Would the boy's muscles bear the strain of such a weight? Lower—lower—yes, another moment Mr Edwards' strong arms were round his son and his preserver, and a loud and prolonged cheer broke from the excited crowd below as with his double burden he descended the ladder.

Then up dashed the fire-engine, and streams of water were soon directed upon the flames, and everybody worked with such renewed energy that in about three the rest of the building was declared safe, and the Dale Hill boys walked home again: all but Emile, who, at Bertie's earnest request, was left behind.

On the Monday morning, however, when our hero appeared hurrying up the drive, the whole school turned out to meet him, and, much to Emile's astonishment, a shrieking crowd hoisted shoulder high, and then on the backs of the boys he was carried from Bertie's bedroom, where——— the schoolroom. During the——— was Jagger.

"I should like to teach you cricket, if you would let me," he said.

"I would be so glad to learn," replied Emile, looking very pleased, "if you thought I really could."

"Rather!" was all Jagger found himself able to reply—but he thought a deal more than he said.

LYN'S ADVENTURE.

BY E. A. F.

"DO come, Kitty, please!

But Kitty looked rather grave.

"See!" and she held up some of the lovely wild flowers in her lap, "they are just as pretty as water-lilies!"

"But we can get those any day—and it will be such a surprise for mother to-night. Mother loves water-lilies!"

"I don't believe she'd like us to go on the lake for them by ourselves."

"She never forbade us, and—and what put it into my head was seeing where Bob left his punt this morning. We can get it easily, and row out to the water lilies. Do come, Kitty; you will not refuse me on my birthday. I shall have to go my own self if you do."

Kitty yielded to the coaxing—or the threat, which she knew Lyn was quite capable of performing.

So she put the flowers carefully away in the grass at the bottom of the old trees where the girls meeting made a rustic seat, which they called their "bower," and——— the prettiest of their treasures.

They then set off for the lake. The——— was in the heart of the woods and——— some distance from home.

"We——— Jack!" cried Kitty suddenly as they came out of the wood.

"——— brother Jack! He's hunting rabbits——— don't want——"

But Jack wanted them, and before they had got to the water's edge, became up panting and panting. He was a dear little rough-coated terrier, with the brightest of eyes and the blackest of noses, and an air of superior wisdom. He watched what little master and mistress were doing, and exactly at the right moment jumped into the punt and sat in the stern.

"He mustn't come," cried Lyn.

"We shall never get him out," said Kitty, who knew Jack to be quite as wilful as Lyn; "and he sits very quiet in a boat!"

Lyn tried coaxing and commanding, Jack looked at the lake calmly, with the air of having suddenly lost his hearing—only a little twitch of the ears now and then, a twinkle in the brown eyes, showed that he knew what was wanted.

Of course he kept his place, and——— rowed out, with Jack third in the——— Very much overpowered himself too, watching everything keenly, till they came to a bed of water lilies and the punt stopped.

Then no shower great concern, as Lyn stooped over to pluck them, his red cap dipping into the water, and falling in at last. Lyn didn't mind. Lily after lily was landed safely, as the cap floated away. The birds sang, the dragon-flies darted, and the swallows skimmed the water.

Having gathered enough, he turned to take up his oar. It was gone! He looked about, and presently spied it among a little thicket of tall rushes, where it had drifted, at the edge of an islet, one of the many which dotted the lake.

"Oh, Kitty! how stupid of you!" They paddled close to the rushes, and reached out for the oar. Then a terrible thing happened. There was a rush through the water, a sound of crackling reeds, a noise as if all the sound wings were cutting the air, then a long snowy neck towered above the startled children, two eyes bright with——— a strong, cruel look, confronted them. They had come near a swan's nest!

Kitty and Lyn were greatly frightened, for the boat had stuck in the reeds, and finding they could not push it clear, they jumped out among them, scrambled on to the islet, and ran away.

But they soon stopped to call Jack. He did not come.

"Oh, he's killed!" cried Kitty, bursting into tears; "that cruel, horrible bird has killed him!"

Not a bit of it. Jack came running up——— without a scratch, and proud of himself. He had worried and dodged the swan, till Kitty and Lyn were safe, and then got away, leaving Madam Swan fuming and furious.

It was not safe to go back yet. After much rejoicing over Jack they set off to explore the islet.

"It's a most delightful adventure," said Lyn; "like Robinson Crusoe!"

But when they stole back, cautiously for fear of the swan, to get the boat, it was gone. A breeze had got up, and swept it out of the reeds. Far, far off, they could see it bobbing and dancing on the water.

The sun set came—then the sun's colors faded.

At last they fell asleep, tired out, and——— in each other's arms. Jack watched——— anxiously he darted to the shore, looking so furiously that Madam Swan———

But Jack——— to attract the attention of a sail-boat, now tacking away, which contained those who, with sorrowing, almost hopless hearts, had come out to search for the children. The empty punt had been found and Lyn's cap.

It was Bob who heard the shrill, frantic barks at last and recognized Jack. It was Bob who, with beating heart, followed Jack as he led him to the sleeping children.

And mother had the water lilies. Better still, Lyn was never so wilful when he found he had nearly broken mother's heart in going to look for them.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

A single oyster in one season will produce 1,000,000 young oysters.

It is common in Arabia to put cheek to cheek by way of salutation.

The Russian peasant never touches food or drink without making the sign of the cross.

Within the last two years more than 2,000 artificial fish ponds have been constructed in Missouri.

No fewer than 7,000 people in Paris are employed in the preparation of human hair for the market.

Carpets have been recently made from tanned elephant skins. It is claimed that they never wear out.

Rubies of the true pigeon-blood color are so rare that it is estimated they are worth ten times their weight in diamonds.

The Catacombs of Rome contain the remains of about six million human beings, and those of Paris about three millions.

Greece, at the present time, has over 200 miles of wagon road, built, in many instances, over mountains, at a cost of $10,000,000.

The ship canal between the Baltic and the Black seas will be completed in five years. It will be a thousand miles long and will cost $100,000,000.

Flowers cut in the morning will retain their freshness twice as long as those cut in the middle of the day, when the sun is shining upon them.

The Chinese cultivate dwarf oaks and pines, perfect trees in every particular, but from six inches to a foot high. The result is attained by root pruning.

Human hair varies in thickness from the two hundred and fiftieth to the six hundredth part of an inch. Blonde hair is said to be the finest and red the coarsest.

A small farm has been started by a former of Anet, France. He has already 180,000 of these interesting creatures, and they eat as much green fodder as two cows.

Compressed oil is used in glass-blowing by French manufacturers. Watch crystals are made by blowing a sphere as nearly perfect as possible, and then cutting flaws from it.

Travelers in India, especially if they are afraid of burglars, are often annoyed by the state of the doors of hotel apartments, which are sometimes so swollen that they will not shut, and at other times so shrunk that the lock is useless.

In the grand parade recently held in Memphis, Tenn., a company of ex-Confederate troops followed the regulars. The veterans were uniformed as they had been in the days of the Confederacy, but the color bearer carried the Stars and Stripes of the Union.

The giraffe, rhinoceros and antelope are becoming so scarce in South Africa that Mr. Bryden has proposed a national park of 50,000 hectares, where game could be preserved and protected as in our Yellowstone Park.

The best briar root from which pipes are made comes from the borders of Italy and France. In the mountainous districts of these countries roots are dug out that have grown for ages and are sometimes larger than a man's body, weighing hundreds of pounds.

One of the cleverest inventions ever patented is the machine for sticking common pins in the papers in which they are sold. The contrivance brings up the pins in rows, draws the paper in position, crimps it in two lines, then at a single push passes the pins through the paper and sets them in position.

The habit of smoking opium has never gained a foothold in Japan. Powdered tobacco, however, is used extensively. The smoker sits on his heels before a brazier of glowing coals. His pipe has a long bamboo stem and a tiny porcelain bowl which holds but a pinch of tobacco and is smoked out in a whiff or two.

There stands in Berkeley Springs, W. Va., on Washington street, a stately elm tree, which was planted by Gen. Washington in 1776, when the town was laid out. It is the only one left of three planted at the time by the Father of His Country, and it has been suggested that an iron fence be placed about it with the inscription thereon, Washington Elm.

There are 70,000 acres given up to the cultivation of oysters along the Long Island Sound front of Connecticut and the land and plantsare valued at $4,000,000. The product, when sold, must return nearly $1,000,000 annually, and every Connecticut oyster plant——— a fraction of the value of the Chesapeake bay plant. The latter is probably worth $20,000,000.

IN A GARDEN.

BY ST. GERMAIN.

These are the flowers you loved; in this strange place
They are, and are not, what those others were;
Waxen their snowy petals, but a grace
They lose in being here, while you are there.

These are the flowers you loved—I hold them dear,
Their haunting perfume brings again the tune
Of murmurous bees, of gauzy wings flashed near,
The dreamy music of the summer noon.

ABOUT TRADE MARKS.

The purpose of a trade mark is to identify origin and ownership. It ought to denote nothing else. Under the regulations it must not be descriptive of the ingredients of which an article is composed, or in any other way. On that ground the Patent Office has refused to register the name "Fruit Butter" as a trade mark. It has likewise ruled against "Egg Macaroni" as being descriptive or calculated to deceive.

Here was a case where the name signified that certain materials were used in making the food. If those materials were not so used people would be misled. If they were actually employed the term was objectionable on the ground already mentioned. Similar rulings have been made against "Snow White" for flour, "Thick Back" for saws, and "Tasteless."

"Gold Prize" has been ruled out as either descriptive or deceptive. If no gold prize was given to the article the purchaser might be deceived. A similar instance was that of the legend, "There's Money In It," on soap boxes. Registration for this also was refused. It was decided by a recent Commissioner of Patents that the word "stylographic," being generic for pens, could not be used as a trade mark for an ink specially adapted for stylographic pens. Other adverse rulings have been made respecting "Shake" blown into bottles and "Burglar Alarm." "'Alf an' 'Alf" was shut out because the trade mark "½ and ½" had been previously registered in the class of drinkables. On descriptive ground "Chili Colorow" was not allowed as a trade mark for pickles, because it is provincial Spanish for red pepper.

People often try to secure the registration of trade marks that embody figures or emblems associated with religion. This is severely frowned upon by the Patent Office. For example, not long ago a design of this sort submitted included a representation of the Virgin Mary. It was promptly rejected as offensive. Acting in a spirit of broad catholicity, this ruling is not applied merely to matters having to do with Christianity.

On one occasion it shut out a picture of a Chinese god. The red Greek cross is objected to also, though on other grounds. It will not do as a trade mark for any article that might serve to supply invalid soldiers. The reason for this is quite obvious. It is the emblem of the Red Cross Society, an international organization. Its use as a trade mark on certain classes of goods might lead people to imagine that those goods were endorsed or actually manufactured by the society.

Favorite designs for trade marks are figures representing Hercules, Atlas supporting the world, an Indian, an alchemist, a saint and a Good Samaritan. The star and crescent frequently occur, separate or together. The owl is found in a variety of classes of marketable articles, being very old in the tobacco trade. The crow is conspicuous in pills, dyes and leather dressings. An odd emblem is a railway train, for "Express Ointment." Another is a bottle shaped like a watch and containing pills. Yet another for pills, is a conventionalized Roman candle shooting its balls, the latter being termed "Rheumatic Bulleta." The more odd and even nonsensical a design, the better it serves for a trade mark.

Any man's signature will do for a trade mark. A word from the dictionary will serve the same purpose, likewise the name of a god or goddess of mythology. "Eureka" or "Excelsior" will pass, but not so if anybody has previously registered the same word or name in the same class of goods. For example, if Jones has adopted and registered the name "Hygeia" for his pills, Smith must select some other designation for his pellets of health. Objection is raised against geographical names, but rulings on this point have been somewhat contradictory. A while ago the word "Concord" was submitted, and the application was refused. On appeal to the Commissioner of Patents it was successfully argued that "concord" was recognized in the English language as having a meaning entirely apart from its geographical significance. So it went through. On the strength of this precedent "Atlanta" was admitted, the contention being that the word was historically derived from a period far more remote than the founding of the capital city of Georgia.

However, it is not necessary that a word should be accepted by lexicographers in order that it may serve for a trade mark. People engaged in introducing new articles to the market commonly coin words to fit their purposes. This they do very often by adding the terminations "in," "ine" and "line"—as "Limine," "Absorbtine," "Epidermaline" and "Vulnerine." One purpose of the trade mark, and a very important purpose incidental to advertisement, is to attract attention. "Society Polish," is a first-rate name for a leather dressing, for instance. It has a double meaning, you see. The same idea is illustrated by such trade marks as "Skin-Success," "Bile Beans" and "Chili and Fever Breakers."

From what has been said already it will appear that the same trade mark may be used over and over again in different classes of marketable articles. The prohibition is against its employment in any way that may lead to mistake on the part of the purchaser. On this ground many applications for rights in the name "Liebig" have been rejected. But obviously "Owl" pills could not be mixed up in anybody's mind with "Owl" sheetings. The cross is no trade mark—that is to say, nobody is permitted to monopolize it in all of its patterns in any class of goods. Having numerous typical shapes—the Greek, Roman, etc.,—it may only be made proprietary in a specific pattern.

Grains of Gold.

There is one thing that can make us happy; happiness is a coat of many colors.

Pale death beats with impartial foot at the hovels of the poor and turrets of kings.

Money would be more enjoyable if it took people as long to spend it as it does to earn it.

The smallest children are nearer Heaven, as the smallest planets are nearest the sun.

Divine love is a secret flower; in its early buds is happiness and in its full bloom is heaven.

All the peace, and all the progress that the world has enjoyed, it has achieved at the point of the bayonet.

Religion, without judgment, is mere fanaticism; and knowledge, that is not practicable, is mere pedantry.

Let every man take care how he speaks and writes of honest people, and not set down at a venture the first thing that comes uppermost.

If a man has a right to be proud of anything it is a good action done as it ought to be without any base interest lurking at the bottom of it.

The disesteem and contempt of others is inseparable from pride. It is hardly possible to overvalue ourselves but by undervaluing our neighbors.

Honest reproof is far better for us than doubtful praise; but where will you find the man who has got the nerve to give it? or the one who has got the sense to take it?

Femininities.

Women are the chief exponents of music in Japan.

The female chiropodist is the divinity that shapes our ends.

Man proposes, and woman wishes he wouldn't be so long about it.

A fool may have his coat embroidered with gold, but it is a fool's coat still.

"She's contented with her lot." "I guess. She dwells on it a great deal."

No matter how popular a young girl may be, nobody "misses" her after she is married.

A woman looks prettier getting a baby to sleep than she looks upon a public platform.

Why are women archers by nature?—Because the bent of their inclinations is to bend a beau.

Elvira, showing Pearl her photograph: "Awful, isn't it?" Pearl: "It is a splendid likeness, though."

Jess: "Well, what did papa say when you asked him for my hand?" Jack: "He gave me the refusal of it."

It is said that stammerers rarely, if ever, show any impediment of speech when speaking in whispers.

Short-nosed men shouldn't complain if everybody snubs them, since Nature herself set the example.

A cob pipe factory, with a daily output of 8000 pipes, will shortly be put in operation in Waverly, Tenn.

He: "I think your family name is such a fine one." She: "Do you? I'm beginning to get dreadfully tired of it."

Occasionally a reindeer is found almost entirely white, or with white streaks extending lengthwise or around the body.

An engaged woman has a satisfied look on her face that is not worn by one who is preparing to go to a summer watering place to make another effort.

Miss Flirt, to her young admirer: "Why, Charlie, you don't even know the A B C of love?" Charlie, stoutly: "Well, I know the U and I of it, anyway!"

A girl baby born recently in Kokomo, Ind., is the fourteenth daughter of a fourteenth daughter of a fourteenth daughter, a record which is thought to be unprecedented.

There is a peculiar superstition attached to the London theatres that should any one whistle in the dressing room the actor or actress nearest the door will lose his or her position at the theatre.

Cora: "So you are sure her husband had the best of the argument? Did she tell you so?" Madge: "No; but I heard her say he was a mean, hateful thing, as she went out of the room and slammed the door."

"So you wrote her a poem?" "Yes," replied the young man, sadly. "What did she say?" "She said that she admired my letter, but she didn't quite understand why every line began with a capital letter."

The latest novelty in ear-rings is probably the singular pair which was sported by a dashing Parisian belle at a recent wedding. From each ear hung a small gold gridiron, on which was laid a heart formed of garnets.

Father: "I wish you'd cut the women's page out of the 'Daily Blister' before giving the paper to our son." Mother: "Goodness me! Why?" Father: "I don't want him to become tired and sick of women before he's old enough to marry."

Rev. C. S. Starkweather, the Episcopalian clergyman who has been elected Mayor of Superior, Wis., on the reform ticket, has declared himself in favor of open saloons on Sunday, on the ground that the saloon is the poor man's club.

Next month the British Women's Temperance Association will present to Parliament the polyglot petition for the prohibition of the sale of alcohol and opium. This petition has the signatures of 7,000,000 women belonging to fifty different nationalities.

Three young women of Ellensburg, Wash., left there on Sunday to seek their fortunes in the gold fields of Alaska. Their outfit included among other things a small sail boat, in which they will make the trip up the Yukon River to Forty Mile Creek, a distance of over 1700 miles.

Lady Sophia Cecil, aunt of the Marquis of Exeter, who is now 91, is the last survivor of the famous ball at Brussels, on the night before Waterloo. She is a daughter of the Duchess of Richmond, who gave the ball, and danced that night with the Duke of Brunswick, who was killed next day at Quatre Bras.

Every year the bravest deed done in saving life in the British dominions is marked by the award of the Stanhope gold medal by the Royal Humane society. It was given this year to William Mogford, of Torquay, who was caught in a sewer where he was at work with three companions when the sewer was flooded by a sudden thunder storm, and saved two of the men by holding them up by main strength for seven hours until relief came.

Masculinities.

Talk about your transformations! We have seen a square man turn round.

The physician is the man who tells you, you need change, and then takes all you have.

A perfectly-proportioned man weighs twenty eight pounds for every foot of his height.

Every man has a serious rival in the ideal man a woman likes to sit and dream about.

It seems strange that the money earned by the sweat of one's brow should be termed cold cash.

A Jersey City burglar was identified in court by the affection of a dog which accompanied him on his business trips.

Blobbs: "They tell me Wigwag is having trouble with his head." Slobbs: "Well, he might have more trouble without it."

The difference between a dentist and a lawyer is that one pulls people's teeth and the other confines his operations to their legs.

August Deer, a half-breed Indian laborer in the Stewart furnace at Sharon, Pa., has fallen heir to $10,000 in cash through his grandfather's death.

Cynthia E. Viall, an Akron, Ohio, school teacher, saved the lives of two of her girl pupils by plunging into the Cayahoga river and rescuing them from drowning.

The last miller of Dee is dead, but the Chester Town Council has voted to buy and preserve the mills, in order to control the flow of the stream. The original grant of the mills was made by King Edward VI.

Lewis Bates is probably the wealthiest colored man in Chicago, being rated at nearly $500,000. He is entirely uneducated, dresses poorly, and lives like a poor man. He was born a slave nearly seventy years ago.

Dan Rice, who delighted thousands twenty and more years ago by his delightful impersonations as a circus clown, is still alive, and resides in a cottage at Long Branch. Although over 70 years old "Dan" is still hale and hearty.

At 25 cents a cylinder, Silas Leachman, of Chicago, has filled 250,000 phonograph cylinders with comic and other songs. It is said that he makes about $50 a day, and that in the West he is the only man that has been found with a voice of the kind for the work.

James Cruikshank is said to be one of the oldest business men of New York. He is 92 years of age, and goes regularly to his office every day, keeping strictly banking hours. His mind is as clear and he carries on his business affairs with the vim and snap of a young man.

"I thought you said you were going to bring a friend home to dinner with you?" said Mrs. Chugwater. "He couldn't come, Samantha," replied Mr. Chugwater, as he sat down with great satisfaction to the first good dinner he had had a chance to attack for a long time.

Andreas Hatfas, the last veteran of the Greek war of 1821, did not realize his great ambition to live until 1900, in order that he might say he had seen three centuries. He was born in 1779, and was, therefore, 116 years old. One of the streets in Athens is named after this aged man.

A Swiss statistician has taken the trouble to count the number of steps he took in walking during the whole year. The number he finds to have been 2,920,800, or an average of 20,740 steps a day. Going still further into details, he declares that over 600,000 of these steps were taken in going up and down stairs.

James Brown, of Pomona, California, is the only man alive to-day who worked for Sutter in the mill at Colomla, where, in January of 1848, James W. Marshall discovered gold. He was present when Marshall washed the yellow grains in the camp doughpan, and he was the first man who tested the flaky scales with fire.

At a gathering of ministers and members of various denominations recently, the question arose as to how many in the company could repeat the books of the Bible in their order. Out of the 200 or more present, one person only and that person a woman, had the confidence to raise her hand and acknowledge that she was equal to the occasion.

The meanest man on record is said to live in Centre county, Pa. He sold his son-in-law one-half interest in a cow, and then refused to divide the milk, maintaining that he sold only the front half. The buyer was also required to provide the feed that the cow consumed, and was compelled to carry water to her three times a day. Recently the cow soaked the old man, and he is suing the son-in-law for damages.

An unusual legal proceedings was that adopted by a Columbus husband a few days ago. He did not agree well with his wife, but she insisted upon visiting him at his grocery store and conducting herself in such a manner that, according to affidavits submitted to the court, her presence had no injurious effect upon trade. The husband applied to the court and secured an injunction restraining the wife from "bothering him" and visiting his store.

Latest Fashion Phases.

A long the assortment of millinery a large hat of fancy black straw is trimmed with fan plaitings of white mousseline de soie, roses and foliage.

Another stylish gown is in magenta taffetas changeant, striped with black. The flaring cloche skirt has a novel border, formed by a row of guipure butterflies, studded with cabochons.

The blouse has a full yoke of magenta mousseline de soie, finished at the neck by a collar band of the same. This yoke is surrounded by bands and bretelles of the guipure cabochonnes. The puffed sleeves, terminating at the elbow, are a la mode, 1830, with close fitting epaulettes, formed by puffs of the mousseline de soie. The straight belt is of the guipure lace.

A small toque of light fancy straw is adorned by guipure lace and magenta wings.

Beige crepon is the material chosen for an exceedingly stylish and plain gown. The skirt is large and flaring, and is void of adornment.

The bodice is close fitting and has three box plaits, one from each shoulder to the waist, and one in the centre from neck to waist. Straight epaulettes are formed of the crepon, with inlaid diamond shaped motifs of brown velvet. These are finished by bretelles of brown velvet, terminating in a point at the bust and held by a button. Tiny crepon straps, finished by pearl buttons, cross these bretelles a few inches below the shoulder. The straight belt of velvet is similarly crossed at the sides by crepon straps. Immense gigot sleeves are finished without cuffs, and the neck is adorned by a collet of roses.

The large brown straw hat is trimmed with plumes and beige taffeta ribbons.

A blue silk, with cross bars of white forming large squares, is effectively garnished with bands of white lace. The bodice is open in front over a broad vest of plain blue silk, almost covered with lace, motifs of which extend across the bodice to the arm hole at the yoke line. The belt is composed of a silver silk ribbon, with a very narrow pinking on the lower edge. Large puffed sleeves have close fitting lower manches of the silk, and epaulettes formed by motifs of lace. The neck is finished by a floral collet, and the full gored skirt is void of garniture.

An immense hat of blue straw is trimmed with Dresden ribbon, lace and moss.

Gowns of Irish linen have reached the high distinction this summer of being combined with satin and costly silks. The imported Irish linen gowns are much vogue. Many of them are made with embroidered seams, and among the most stylish are those composed of black satin and jet.

A fetching gown where Irish linen is introduced shows the entire skirt of the material. It is unlined in the front, but conspicuously stiffened at the back. With the skirt is worn a silk jacket of light brown taffeta, scattered with pink rose buds. It has revers of generous dimensions, outlined with a spangled trimming in gold and brown. The gauntlet cuffs are edged with the same glistening trimming.

An adjustable front of white mousseline de soie completes the costume. The front may be varied according to the fancy of the wearer. With this gown a full front of dark brown chiffon, rippling with frills of yellow Valenciennes lace, is most charming.

The sweet girl graduate is as anxious over her clothes these warm days as over her final examinations. What to wear on class day is a question of no small importance. Some useful suggestions on this subject may be obtained from two frocks which have already been made for a Vassar girl.

The class day gown is of light blue Dresden taffeta, trimmed with embroidered mull and blue Dresden ribbons. This frock has been deliberately planned to serve a double purpose. Low neck and short sleeves are not allowed on class day. This short waist is cut low, but made with a full filling of soft mull, somewhat like a child's guimpe. The sleeves are provided with an undersleeve of lace mousquetaire that may be shirred up and away when not desired. The skirt is plain, seven yards at the bottom, twenty-seven inches at the top; a bit of high art in finish.

The graduating dress is a dream of loveliness. The foundation is a cream white silk skirt. The material itself is of old-fashioned organdie, trimmed with the Italian Valenciennes lace. A hem, four inches in depth, headed with a row of Valenciennes insertion, a strip of organdie and a second row of the insertion forms the trimming for the dainty skirt. The waist, silk lined, with corsage low and sleeveless, is formed of three rows of insertion, front and back. On each side of the insertion is a half inch tuck of the organdie, edged with Valenciennes lace, gathered and whipped on the tuck, giving a soft, fluffy effect. This is drawn down tight in the back with a little fullness at the bottom of the waist. The front has a somewhat blouse effect, falling over the waist line as a pouch. The cream satin waist ribbon passes under this pouch, showing a rosette at each side. It also ties around the waist as a sash, the ends reaching to the hem of the organdie in the back. The crush collar is of the same ribbon.

One excellent feature of the sleeve provides for the ironing of the huge puff, which by the way, is slightly stiffened by a lining of Swiss muslin. Instead of tacking the puff into requisite shortness and shapeliness, narrow bobbin is sewed on the seams at the armhole, and where the puff joins the lower part of the sleeve. These are easily unlted, and, as organdie crumples so, ironing out occasionally is quite necessary.

The lower part of the sleeve is made of alternate strips around the arm of organdie and lace insertion.

The negligee gown is not always what its name implies. Fashionable women have an apparent fondness for tea gowns which are made fit for reception wear. A negligee which happily combines comfort and fashion is a graceful gown of soft gray faille Francaise, trimmed with deep cream lace. The yoke is made with bands of the cream lace insertion and headed with a fluffy stock of gray chiffon. A deep berthe of cream lace outlines the yoke, falling gracefully over the bouffant sleeves. At the waist line the faille is confined by broad gray satin ribbons.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Fish Purees.—Fish purees are one of the most delicious forms of serving high flavored fish, salmon being the best. Heat one quart of milk in a double boiler. Melt in a saucepan one tablespoonful of butter **with a heaping one of flour, an even tablespoonful of salt,** half an ounce of white pepper and a saltspoonful of powdered mace. Add the hot milk gradually, stirring steadily till like cream. Have ready a pound can of best salmon or a pound of freshly boiled, and free it throughly from skin and bones, picking into small bits. Add to the boiling milk, boil up once and rub through a puree serve with a potato masher. A small portion that will not go through easily, about a cupful, can be reserved for another use. Return the puree to the fire, boil for a minute and serve very hot. Mix the cupful remaining with a teaful of rolled cracker, add an egg, make in small cakes and fry brown in butter. Or they can be egged and crumbled and dropped in boiling fat.

Prune Pudding.—Prune pudding is especially good made from the large California prunes known as "silverskins," which have been soaked over night and cooked in very little water five minutes, just long enough to enable them to be stoned easily. Chop one cup of good suet fine, or use a large tablespoonful of cottolene; one cup of molasses, teaspoonful of mixed spice, one of salt, a cupful of milk and three and a half cupfuls of flour, in which is sifted one tablespoonful of baking soda. Add the prunes cut in small bits. Butter a mold or tin pail, fill three-quarters full and set in a pot of boiling water, boiling without stopping for four hours. If any is left it is very good cut in slices and fried brown in butter.

Figs in Cream.—Figs in cream is a delicious way of serving figs, and even those which have been kept till too dry for pleasant eating yield under this treatment. Cut off the stems, and for a pound cover with a pint of cold water and let them stand over night. In the morning put on the fire and simmer very slowly until the figs are plump and tender. Then cut half a small lemon in thin slices, add and simmer ten minutes longer. Serve very cold with whipped cream.

Fried Tomatoes.—Select firm but thoroughly ripe tomatoes for this purpose. Peel them and lay them on the ice so they will be cold and firm when needed. Cut them in slices not less than one-half inch in thickness. Have a deep kettle of frying fat ready. Heat it until it smokes in the centre. Dip the slices in an egg which has been beaten up with two teaspoonfuls of water and a few drops of onion juice. Sprinkle a little salt and pepper over the sliced tomatoes and dip them in fine sifted bread crumbs. Egg them again, and put bread crumbs over them a second time. Put them on a wire spoon and immerse them in the hot fat for eight minutes. When they rise to the top of the fat, turn them over, and in a moment or two more they will be done. They will be an even golden brown on both sides, delicious to the taste, and a very ornamental dish when served, as they should be, on a napkin, one slice overlapping one another in a garnish of green celery in the centre.

Potato Souffle.—This recipe requires two cups of mashed potatoes, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, six tablespoonfuls of cream, two eggs and a pinch of salt and pepper. Beat the potatoes and butter until smooth and light; add the cream, yolks of eggs and salt. Beat the whites to a stiff froth and stir them in. Heap upon a tin in a rough, uneven mound and set in the oven until well browned, or bake in a dish that can be sent to the table. Two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese added is a great improvement.

Delmonico Potatoes.—The ingredients required for these potatoes are cold boiled potatoes, one heaping tablespoonful of flour, one pint of milk, one tablespoonful of butter, bread crumbs and pepper and salt. Having boiled the potatoes and allowed them to cool with their skins on, slice them quite thin. Blend together over the fire the butter and flour; draw aside and stir into them the boiling milk. Boil three minutes. Put the potatoes into a bake dish; pour the sauce seasoned with salt and pepper over the potatoes. Cover with bread crumbs and dots of butter, and bake fifteen minutes.

Cucumbers.—Cucumbers should be gathered while the dew is yet on them, and put in immediately on the ice. An hour before dinner pare and slice them very thin, and let them lie in salted ice water till dinner is ready, then drain them, and put them into a glass dish, and sprinkle bits of ice over them. Serve them with a French dressing in a separate dish.

Baked Lobster.—Take a lobster weighing about three pounds; chop it fine and add a tablespoonful of chopped parsley and three good tablespoonfuls of flour. Mix thoroughly; put in a stewpan and heat, then add gradually a pint of milk; season with a teaspoonful of onion juice, a teaspoonful of celery salt, one fourth teaspoonful of red pepper, salt to taste, add a lump of butter the size of an egg. Stir constantly; just before taking from the fire add one well-beaten egg. Stir thoroughly and remove from the fire. Turn into a dish, cover the top with fine bread crumbs and bits of butter and bake a nice brown. It is very nice baked in shells.

Peas a L'Anglaise.—Boil the peas until tender, drain and put them into a saucepan, allowing an ounce of butter to a pint of peas. Set on the stove, stir gently till thoroughly hot, add a little chopped parsley and the yolk of one egg and serve.

Velvet Cake.—One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, five eggs beaten separately, then poured together and beaten again; half a teaspoonful of soda, a teaspoonful of cream of tartar; flavor with vanilla, wineglass of wine or brandy.

Currant Pudding.—Into a cupful of sugar, creamed with half the quantity of butter, stir in order, two eggs beaten light, a cupful of milk, 12 ounces of flour, two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a cupful of currants. Bake in patty pans.

Currant Meringue.—Crush together a cupful of currants with an equal measure of sugar. Beat the yolk of two eggs, with a rounding teaspoonful of flour, and stir this into the currants, adding a little water, unless the fruit is quite juicy. Pour the mixture into a deep pie plate and bake. When it is done, cover the top with a meringue made from the whites of the eggs beaten with two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Brown slightly in the oven and serve cold.

Currant Tarts.—Bake the pastry in the usual manner, filling with three parts of currants and one part of raspberries, stewed together. Sweeten to taste.

Currant Bread Pudding.—Make a common bread pudding thicker than usual and very sweet. Add a cupful of ripe currants, stir thoroughly and bake at once.

Currant Sauce.—Thicken currant juice slightly with flour and butter rubbed together and well sweetened. In all uses made of currants and their juice a generous amount of sugar is required.

Hall's Hair Renewer contains the natural food and color-matter for the hair, and medicinal herbs for the scalp, curing grayness, baldness, dandruff, and scalp sores.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is safe, reliable and effectual because of the stimulating action which it exerts over the nerves and vital powers of the body, adding tone to the one and inciting to renewed and increased vigor the slumbering vitality of the physical structure, and through this healthful stimulation and increased action the CAUSE of the PAIN is driven away, and a natural condition restored. It is thus that the READY RELIEF is so admirably adapted for the CURE OF PAIN and without the risk of injury which is sure to result from the use of many of the so-called pain remedies of the day.

It Is Highly Important That Every Family Keep a Supply of

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Always in the house. Its use will prove beneficial on all occasions of pain or sickness. There is nothing in the world that will stop pain or arrest the progress of disease as quick as the READY RELIEF.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this advertisement need anyone SUFFER WITH PAIN.

Aches and Pains

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

Internally.—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Flatulency, and all internal pains.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price, 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure

For the Cure of Chronic Disease, Scrofulous, Hereditary or Contagious.

Not only does the Sarsaparilla Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

KIDNEY AND BLADDER COMPLAINTS,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bonedust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by all druggists. Price, One Dollar.

Radway's Pills

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause Perfect Digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Constipation, Costiveness.

Loss of Appetite, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Biliousness. Constipation, Dyspepsia.

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THE PHYSIOGNOMIST.

I SUPPOSE the eyes help as much as any other feature to indicate character?" I said (writes a contributor), addressing a student of human nature, whom I found one evening alone, seated in his big chair by the fireside, his feet in worn slippers, a table piled with old-world books at his elbow, a cat placidly sleeping on his knees.

"A great deal more than any other feature," he answered, laying aside his spectacles and rubbing his eyes, which habitually had an abstracted expression, as if he were more conscious of things within than of those around him—of mind rather than of matter.

"Can you teach me to judge character by the eyes?" I asked boldly.

"Well, I can give you hints which, if you bear in mind and use your powers of observation, will greatly help you.

"You must notice the shape and size, as well as the color, and above all, heed the expression; for the eyes are so closely connected with the brain, that the emotions of that organ are flashed on and reflected in this feature.

"For instance, you never saw mild and gentle eyes in the face of a choleric and disagreeable person; you will never see eyes expressive of innocence and candor in the head of one who has a vicious and deceitful mind; nor would it be possible to find a dull, inert eye in a man of vigorous intellect and clear brain.

"As to size and shape: a small eyes, habitually half closed, is a sign of craft and subtlety, especially if the eye is set close to the nose. Then you will find selfishness and cunning well developed in such an individual; whereas the full, wide-open eye shows a candid, sincere and generous disposition. When the eyes are set far apart it hints at calmness of temper, and of a mind which will not trouble itself about trifles.

"Then, again, the round eye belongs to the practical wide-awake person, who will not readily be deceived; and if this eye shows little of the lid, the owner will be found to have a combative spirit, a fiery temper, and a self reliant disposition; whereas the long, almond-shaped eyes, with heavy lids, are those of the poet and the dreamer—of the sensitive and the imaginative temperament, of the artist and the writer.

"Yes, as you say, it is difficult to discover the real color of the eyes, and impossible to do so in any light but that of the day. For instance, black eyes, of which people speak and write, do not exist, properly speaking. The eye which appears to be black in the shadow of lashes or at night will be found to be brown, flecked with green, or gray, or orange.

"The clear, brown eye, more than any other shade, hints at affection, sensibility, tenderness; and the darker it is, the deeper will be these feelings.

"But with such must not be included the metallic-looking dark eye, with the painful, unchangeable brightness of glass, which speaks of want of fine feelings, of depth of character, of gentleness of individuality.

"There is a brown eye into which flashes in moments of excitement, a reddish light. People with such eyes have but little control over their actions, and when that little is cast aside, madness, temporary or permanent, follows. Women should beware of a man with such eyes.

"One of the characteristics of the insane is the restlessness and shiftiness of their glances; they cannot meet the steady gaze of others. It is always a sign of a secretive, shifty and hidden mind when the person you address, or who addresses you, persistently avoids looking at you.

"Yes, I have seen amber-colored eyes, but they are rare. I grant you they are beautiful, but they indicate fickleness and deception.

"Almost the same might be said for the eyes which look green in sunlight, and they, moreover, indicate jealousy. But when gray eyes are mixed with, or flecked by, green, they hint at literary talent, and perhaps genius. These are the eyes which seem to change their color in various lights, the shade brought into prominence at the moment giving its tone to the eye.

"The clear, luminous gray eye speaks of a strong, perceptive brain and a firm character; but there is a pale, almost colorless, steel gray eye, which is a sure indication of deceit and selfishness, especially if the pupil is small.

"Large blue, limpid eyes are generally the indicators of a cheerful and happy disposition, and belong to those who will make the best of unpleasant circumstances. They are most frequently seen in people who have talent for or great appreciation of music, dancing, painting, or acting; they are fond of rich colors, of highly-decorated and handsomely-furnished surroundings; they have strong feelings, they love children, and are fond of pleasure. They cannot be happy without affection; they will seek for it until it is found.

"Have I seen violet eyes? Well, there are really no such eyes, but there is a blue so dark as to seem violet. They are beautiful, and belong to beautiful characters, whose constancy, gentleness, and refinement, render them well beloved by those fortunate enough to have won their hearts."

HAIR GROWING AT WILL.—A dexterous French feat is that of growing hair along the foreheads of women with whom nature has been cruel in arranging for the hair to grow too far back on the forehead, or when the hair springs in an ugly, irregular line. From other parts of the head, short new sprouting hairs are delicately extracted and replanted along the top of an uncomely forehead.

This system of re-potting the hair is done according to the rules nature observes in the management of her hair crops and after about three months of careful, regular attendance daily at the office of a specialist, a woman comes forth browed like a Madonna or the glorious Greek Venuses, just as she may have desired.

The inventor of the new process clings boldly to the argument that no woman can ever expect to lay any claim to beauty whose forehead is, as he expresses it, "ungracefully draped," and that of all beautiful women, he never found a face that for half its charm did not depend upon the lovely framing of the forehead. All the qualities of mind and soul lie like hidden treasures behind this fair white wall; therefore, saving the eyes, it is the most important feature in a woman's face.

Modern training, he argues, has enlarged the size of women's heads nearly half inch all round, and added a half inch of what he chooses to call "bald space" to her forehead's depth. The increase in the head's size has taken from perfect feminine grace and the widening of the forehead from eyebrow to hair roots has nearly destroyed the low Madonna browed woman, the type of most perfect feminine loveliness.

She has almost disappeared, he finds, in this present generation, and in the next will probably be obsolete; and yet the major portion of the women who come to him for treatment take the Madonna for their pattern.

ALL FOR BEAUTY'S SAKE.—Vanity furnishes the inspiration for many of the inventions with which the market is periodically flooded. One of these is a mask of very thin rubber, designed to be worn on the face at night. It causes profuse perspiration, which washes impurities out of the skin and makes the complexion clearer. Sun tan is quickly removed by it, so it is claimed.

Another device, for producing dimples, is a woman's idea. It is a wire mask, like wise to put on when going to bed. By an arrangement of screws, pencils of wood, very blunt, are made to press upon the cheeks and chin at the points where dimples are desired. Uncomfortable? Why, of course. But, as the French say, it is worth while to suffer for beauty's sake.

If one is so unfortunate as to lack a nose, he can obtain a false one of papier mache, artfully enamelled to imitate the skin. One kind of imitation proboscis is attached to a spectacle frame, so that the owner puts on his counterfeit nasal organ in adjusting his glasses.

Masculine vanity is concerned in the genesis of about eighty patents for various kinds of moustache guards. One such is a gold plate with a spring, which may be fastened to any drinking vessel at a moment's notice. Another is specially designed for beer glasses. A tube connecting with it goes down deep into the beer, so that the moustached drinker is able to avoid the foam.

Other guards are destined to be worn like spectacles somewhat, with wires to pass to the back of the ears of the wearer, and hold them on. The shield for the moustache is of gold or silver, or of fine gold wire net.

KNOWS BY THE LIP.—The compressed lip beloved by the novelist is a sign of weakness rather than strength. The strong man has every feature, every physical attribute under control. Assured of his men's obedience, the commanding officer does not habitually keep his lip muscles in a state of tension. Look at the sea captain, the most absolute monarch on earth. He carries authority and power in his face, but it resides in his eye and the confident assurance of his easily set mouth. Every spar, shaft, and muscle in his floating realm must obey him, and he knows it. This is probably a reason why the sea captains and the locomotive engineers show a certain similarity of type. The engine driver can make his captive giant, strong as ten thousand men, obey the pressure of his finger. His lips are usually calm, like those of the statues of the wielder of thunderbolts on Olympus. Who ever saw a man commanding a man of war or driving a locomotive with the contentious lip of a school usher?

CHILDREN.—Let children grow. Give them time for slow and natural development. Give them freedom and liberty in things not positively and permanently hurtful. What matter if all their daily behavior is not quite pleasant or perfect, if they show improvement and progress? Sow good seed, anxious parent; cultivate with care, but wait patiently for harvest if you wish good fruit. Suppose a child does not sit as straight as a ramrod at table; suppose a cup or tumbler does slip through its little fingers, the food below be deluged, and the table cloth ruined—do not look cross, and break out with reproof of what was unintended as if it were a wilful wrong. Did you never let a glass slip through your fingers? Instead of sending the child away in anger, or with threatening words, why not be as generous as to a guest, to whom you would kindly say, "It is of no consequence." It is generally wise to take little notice of mishaps or bad behavior at the time, and even to divert attention from them at the instant. Afterward, at some appropriate time, draw the child's attention to the impropriety, fault, or lack of suitable care, and point out kindly the remedy.

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To cook and wash and iron.

Reel sport—Trout fishing.

A bawl room—The nursery.

A movable feast—A meal in a dining car.

A long-suffering person—The gouty giant.

"This is a terrible bore," remarked the cork as the waiter inserted the corkscrew.

It seems paradoxical that the vanquished fowl in a cock fight should be dead game.

An uptown paper hanger is so susceptible to cold that he has a chill every time he hangs a frieze.

At the opera: "Was he warmly received?" "Warmly? Why, they had to ring down the asbestos curtain."

Magistrate: "Is John Smith your full name?" Prisoner: "Yes; you don't expect me to give my sober name, do you?"

The new governess: "What are the comparative and superlative of bad, Bertty?" Berty, the doctor's son: "Bad—worse—dead."

"Do you keep any Hamburg edging?" asked a timid Miss. "Not if we can sell it," was the pert reply of the clerk. He kept some that day.

"Senator Sorghum boasts that he began at the bottom of the ladder," remarked one citizen. "So he did," replied the other, "and worked his way down."

Student: "Several of my friends are coming to dine here, so I want a big table." Mine host: "Just look at this one, sir. Fifteen persons could sleep quite comfortably under it."

"Pity a poor blind man with a large family!" cried a wayside beggar. "And how many children have you, unfortunate man?" asked a lady, in great concern. "How can I tell, madam? I can't see 'em."

Jones: "Curry is an awfully unfortunate fellow." Jackson: "That so?" Jones: "Yes; he snores so loud that he always wakes the baby, then the baby cries so loud he wakes Curry, so they have to walk together."

Hoax: Did you ever consider what a similarity there is between the professions of the actor and the barber?

Joax: How do you make that out?

Hoax: Well, they both create parts.

A sentimental poet says that a kiss is "the meeting of two souls." This pretty metaphor is badly shattered when a third sole, on the foot of the girl's father, puts in a sudden appearance.

A clergyman startled his drowsy congregation the other day as follows: "My dearly beloved friends, permit me to remind you that I come here to preach, not to act as umpire in a sleeping match."

A teacher requested her pupils to bring in three items of information about the neighboring river that they could prove to be facts, and one little fellow contributed the following: "I have lived near it; I have sailed over it; I have fallen into it."

Customer: "These nails I bought here yesterday are in a terrible condition. Half of them are rusty." Salesman, indignantly: "Well, what if they are? You don't suppose we can manicure every pound we send out, do you?"

Old Soak: "I'm an imprudent fellow. I stood talking to a man for ten minutes in front of a temperance hotel yesterday." De Tanque. "What of that?" Old Soak: "Well, suppose some of my friends had seen me. They might have thought I was stopping there."

"Bobby is attending to his piano lessons very faithfully of late," said that youth's uncle.

"Yes," replied his mother, "I don't have any trouble with him about that now."

"How did you manage it?"

"Some of the neighbors complained of the noise his exercises made, and I told him about it. Now he thinks it's fun to practice."

Starting from her sleep she seized her husband convulsively by the nose and one eyelid.

"John," she cried, "there's a burglar going through your trousers!"

"What do you wake me for?" irritably demanded the head of the house; "settle it between yourselves."

Crack boat builder: Ah! How de do, Mr. Richman? How did that rowboat I made you last summer suit?

Mr. Richman: Perfectly.

Ah! I'm glad to hear it. I always like to give satisfaction. Suited perfectly, eh?

Yes, I left it in front of my boathouse all summer, and every scallawag who tried to steal it got upset or drowned.

"What did you do with all your pretty Easter eggs?" asked the Boston infant's aunt.

"I gave them away."

"Didn't you enjoy them?"

"No. The coloring was very good, but the drawing was crude and the effect lacked atmosphere. So I gave them to a little boy from New York, who, I have no doubt, has enjoyed them very much."

ONE IN SEVEN HUNDRED.—A clergyman says that he has married about 700 men to as many women, and of that large number only one ever called upon him afterward to thank him.

The one exception was Mr. W——, who was married to a very handsome blonde, Miss Dora K——, and who called on him a few weeks after the ceremony to express his satisfaction. But about a year later the clergyman, to his great surprise, was presented at a friend's house to Miss Dora K——.

"Are you not the lady whom I married to Mr. W——?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, "and I never shall forgive you for it."

The bride had resumed her maiden name, having been just divorced from the only man in 700 who had thanked the clergyman for his conjugal felicity.

DEMONSTRATED.—Personal illustrations are usually in very doubtful taste, and sometimes are positively dangerous.

A farmer was complained of for maintaining a nuisance in the shape of a piggery; the neighbors asserting that the said piggery was detrimental to their health.

At the trial the rustic gentleman argued his own case, and summed up as follows:—

"The neighbors say, my lord, hogs is unhealthy; I say they ain't. Look at me! Ain't I healthy?"

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FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

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Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 3.55, 8.10, 9.10, 10.18, 11.14 a m, 12.37 Dining car, 2.38, 3.43, 5.12, 8.10 dining car, 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.55, 8.10, 10.18 a m, 12.14, 3.43, 6.12, 8.10 dining car, 11.45 p m.

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For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42, a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 3 m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

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Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves; Week-days—Express, 9.00 a m, 2.00, (Saturdays only 3.00 p m, 4.00, 5.00, p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sunday—Express, 8.00, 10.00 a m Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City depot) week-days, express, 7.35, 9.00 a m, 4.00, 5.30 p m. Accommodation, 8.15 a m, 4.32 p m. Sundays, express, 4.00, 5.35, 8.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.15 p m. Parlor Cars on all express trains.

FOR CAPE MAY AND SEA ISLE CITY (via South Jersey Railroad), Express, 8. 0 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m, from Chestnut street, and 9.00 a m from South street.

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